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THE STORY OF A NOBODY.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

Whenever you meet a "nobody,"
Remember this lesson in verse,
And pity your neighbor, Tom Noddy,
And open your heart and your purse;
The fellow was always good-hearted,
And still is untainted by crime,
But virtue, worn out and departed,
Receive the cold shoulder of Time.

Tom Noddy's good parents were clever,
And loved their young hopeful as much
As fathers and mothers do ever
In Sunday-school stories, and such;
They kept his face clean as a whistle,
But talked of "original sin,"
They never allowed him a pistol—
Not even a playing of tin.

They told him the world was all hollow,
But questions he must not propound,
Advice they would give him to follow,
Well-tested, and proved to be sound;
But never a dollar for pleasure,
For papers, and pictures and toys—
Such trifles afforded scant measure,
And were the most foolish of joys.

Tom Noddy attentively listened
To all this oracular stuff,
With eyes of sad wonder that glistened
Like diamonds, just out of the rough;
But when the poor fellow grew older,
And entered the battle of life,
He found his competitors bolder,
And getting the best of the strife.

Endeavor succeeded endeavor,
And followed disaster so fast,
That nothing, no, nothing, could ever
Recover so hopeless a past;
And, on the broad breast of Time's river,
Another fair wreck was to drift,
Without the least struggle or quiver,
Against the strong current so swift.

Such troubles make people demented,
Or drive them at once to the bad,
But those who appear so contented
Are really the cases most sad;
Of such is your neighbor, Tom Noddy—
He knows it, and suffers in shame,
A clever and simple "nobody,"
But who is—oh, who is to blame?

WILMA WILDE.

The Doctor's Ward: OR, THE INHERITANCE OF HATE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED,"
"THE CHICKAS WIFE," "STRANGELY WED," "CRUEL'S
DEBIT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES,"
"THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

INTO THE SHADOW.

DYING. Alone except for the elfin-faced girl
shrinking back into the shadow, awed by the
presence creeping closer as the minutes passed,
with a greater dread of the hard face outlined
against the pillow than she had experienced
hitherto, and yet she had never known any
thing differing from dread and awe of that
hard-featured old man, dying there in the late
afternoon of the late October day.

A chill, clouded day, with ghostly lights
and shades chasing across the outer landscape
already sere with heavy frosts. The chill and
the clouds were dissolving together as the
hours wore on, and a fine mist filled the at-
mosphere, gathering faster and heavier and break-
ing with a dash and a burst at last against the
dark old house, rattling the windows of the
room in which these two waited.

The gray head on the pillow stirred, and two
great hollow eyes opened with the vacant stare
of half-unconsciousness changing to a vague
comprehension as familiar objects about met his
sight.

"What was that?" he asked, in a voice sharp
and rasping.

"Rain," the girl answered. "A storm has
been all the day gathering."

"Rain and storm," muttered the dying man,
"rain and storm, devastation, ruin, waste—
good! Winds blow, lightnings burn, thunders
crash. I can die easier with them tearing their
way through the world. Curse the world and
all in the world, I say!" The vehemence with
which the last words were uttered was appal-
ling, considering how close he was upon that
verge of the world which breaks into eternity.
It was exhaustive as well, and he caught gasp-
ingly for the breath which gurgled through his
throat with a harsh rattle. The girl made haste
to put a cordial to his lips which he swallowed
with an effort. The hollow eyes glared up at
her in a way which sent a shiver curdling the
blood in her veins.

"You! Why is not Gerrit here? You
know I never want you."

No need to tell her that with all the years
of her remembrance passed in the gloomy place,
and not one affectionate word which she could
recall he had ever addressed to her. She had
been an object of aversion to him, banished
from his sight sometimes for days together, but
always as carefully secluded from contact with
that outer world which he was cursing with his
dying breath. What a morbidly unhealthy at-
mosphere for the girl-nature to expand in! One
might question if the faint of it would not cling
to and corrode the entire afterlife. But this
girl carried a pathetic appeal stamped on the
thin dark features, and looking out of the big,
wistful eyes which must have struck a sadder
chord than any the careless worldly heart often
responds to, a look which might have struck a
chill of apprehension in a generous heart, a
foreboding of an unhappy life darkling ahead,
a desire to ward off the brooding trouble, what-
ever it might be, from that childish figure, tim-
id and shrinking, still and self-contained with
the mastery of habitual reserve.

She answered his harsh words quietly.
"Mrs. Gerrit has gone for the medicine
which was ordered. It is so near the doctor's
hour I think she must be waiting for him. She
had no umbrella, and it is raining fast. Shall
I sit by your side?—I will be very quiet."

He turned his head slightly with an impatient
gesture.

"No, no. Go away out of my sight. God



"You are nothing to me—nothing! You were cursed before you ever saw the light!"

knows there's no comfort in the sight of you;
no comfort that you ever came into life, and
less loss than even I shall be when you quit
it."

She drew back a step, clasping her hands, a
quick pallor sweeping across her small dark
face.

"Oh, why do you hate me so?" she cried, in
a low, breathless way. "Why is there no one
in all the world to care for me? Who am I—
what am I, that the only being in the world on
whom I have any claim can find no comfort
that I ever came into life? I must be some-
thing to you, or hating me as you do you would
not have kept me here. Why am I so kept
away from other people; why do you dislike
me so, Mr. Gregory; oh, do tell me—why?"

A deepening purplish tint was in the harsh
face upon the pillow; his labored respiration
was shorter and louder. With an effort he
raised himself in the bed, stretching out one
quivering hand, his difficult articulation intense
with a bitterness which burned every cruel
word upon the girl's remembrance with an in-
effaceable stamp.

"You are nothing to me—nothing! You
were cursed before you ever saw the light. If
there be any one in all this world upon whom
you have any claim, that one of all living mor-
tals has greatest cause for hate and dread of
you. If ever you fancy you have found such a
one, tear your own heart out rather than at-
tempt to press any such claim, if you would
not call other curses upon the hour you were
born. Yours is a dead life. If you ever pray
for anything, pray that you may never be the
cause of a living death."

He fell back again, pale, trembling, the
breath grown faint upon his lips, but this time
she did not stir in attempting to revive him.
She shrank back into the deeper shadows, with
a dull pain and terror called up by his words,
the last of which repeated themselves again
and again in her mind like some threatening
danger which her comprehension could not
grasp.

"Yours is a dead life; if you ever pray for
anything, pray that you may never be the
cause of a living death." What could that mean?
Why, oh, why had she been born at all, since
her very existence must be a curse to herself
and to any other who might be allied to her?
What a fate to hers at the time when other
lives would be putting forth their best buds of
promise, when they would be blossoming with
the hope and happiness which only young lives
know! She had drawn close to a window and
was pressing her forehead against a pane, with
those painfully numbing thoughts stirring
within her, the raindrops, now falling heavily
without, dashing at intervals against the glass
and trickling down before the great, mournful,
unheeding eyes. If she observed them at all it
may have been with a vague fancy that even
the clouds were more blessed than she, since
they could weep and she could not.

She heard the opening door without turning
her head, but a moment of silence and an ad-

vancing step drew her gaze suddenly that
way.

A woman's form was framed in the doorway,
which was certainly not the form of Mrs. Ger-
rit. This shape was tall, and though loosely
cloaked, slender and graceful as she could see.
A falling veil concealed the face, and while she
gazed the form moved swiftly forward across
the floor to the bedside of the dying man. His
eyes went up with a startled light in them to
meet the woman's eyes looking down as she
put out a small gloved hand to touch him. Some
unintelligible words bubbled up to his lips, but
without noticing his apparent effort to speak
the unannounced visitor addressed him.

"I heard that you were dying, and I have
come once more to ask for those treasures of
mine which you took from me long ago. I
could have forgiven you all your harshness and
all your cruelty more readily than that. They
have never been any thing to you; they have
done you no good; they might be turned to do
me harm. For the sake of the tie which should
have bound us closer once, will you not give
them to me now that you are upon your death-
bed?"

The voice was low, clear and sweet, but of
such an even intonation that it seemed incap-
able of conveying jarring emotions. The harsh,
aged, wasted face upon the pillow had changed
strangely. Some look had come into it which
the girl by the window had never seen there
before, and which seemed a struggle even at
that time between bitterness and yearning, be-
tween upspringing tenderness and hard resolve.
"I told you before that I had not kept them,
that they were destroyed years ago," he answered,
speaking with difficulty but quite distinctly,
while his eyes never wavered from her face.
"You would have kept them and pored over
them, and been discovered at last. I was wise
in putting it out of your power to bring harm
upon yourself."

"You will not give them to me? I thought if
you would ever soften it might be at this hour."
"And you have no pity," he whispered,
hoarsely. "It is a mournful, disappointed life
which will be ended soon, and its pitiful close
does not touch you. Dying alone—as much
alone since you have come."

"It is a perverted and willfully wasted life,"
said the low, steady voice. "Whatever motive
may have actuated, or whatever mistaken sense
of duty may have prompted, it was a wrong,
hard, unsympathetic life from the very first. I
can not find fault with myself for having learned
my lesson too well. What I am you made
me, and I am no more ice or marble—feel-
less—now than you were in the days gone by.
I have come on a fruitless mission, but I did
not come hopeful, and I shall not go de-
pendent."

She turned from him and a bitter spasm
convulsed his features, but he made no motion, and
in a second more the heavy lids dropped over
his eyes, dimming already with the dead num-
bness creeping over him. The presence of the
girl in the room had not been observed by the

visitor, until in turning she caught a glimpse of
the slight figure outlined against the dull gray
outer light. At the same instant suppressed
sounds became audible from without, a door
opened and shut, and footsteps came nearer
through the bare corridor.

The girl glided silently forward to admit the
new-comers to the room, while the lady, sweep-
ing the falling veil closer over her features,
stood still, awaiting a passage-way. Two per-
sons entered. A tall thin man in advance whose
keen light eyes swept the room and absorbed
the situation presented there with a single
glance. Following him the quiet, elderly per-
son who was the one servant of that dull old
house. When the chamber door closed it shut
the other two out, and the lady paused to drop
her hand upon the girl's shoulder.

"Who are you?" she asked, abruptly. "How
do you come to be here?"

"I am Wilma Wilde, and I live with Mr.
Gregory."

"What are you to him?"

"Nothing, he said. I am nothing to any one
in the wide world, so far as I know."

"Not strange since you live here. Yours is
not entirely a new experience, Wilma. What
will be done with you when he is gone?"

"I don't know. I suppose I shall live on
here with Mrs. Gerrit."

"That was she?" with a glance at the closed
door.

"Yes."

"And the other?"

"Was Dr. Dallas."

"Ah, well, Wilma; some one will probably
look out for you. How dusk it is getting here!
Good-by, child."

She touched her gloved finger-tips to the
girl's cheek, but so gently and lingeringly that
the touch seemed a caress, then walked the
length of the bare corridor and let herself out
into the stormy late afternoon without once
glancing back. Wilma followed after slowly,
her heart swelling and throbbing from that
gentle touch, and stood in the entrance-way
watching the shape growing dim in the dis-
tance. For a moment the rain had almost
ceased, and through a rift in the clouds a gleam
of yellow sunset touched the sere damp earth
and illuminated the upright graceful figure—
for a moment only, and then the glow faded
suddenly as it had come, and the swift dusk
succeeding blotted the retreating shape from
her view.

A dash of mist in her face gave Wilma a
chill, and she drew back into the corridor, but
held aloof from the room where the dying man
lay. Mrs. Gerrit came out presently, taking
her way to her own more particular domain,
and Wilma crept away to her cheerless cham-
ber, feeling the awful silence of the always
silent house too oppressive to be borne.

An interval of silence had reigned in the
sick-room, broken only by the heavy respira-
tion of the sufferer. A shaded lamp had been
placed on a stand at the bed's head, and with
his back to it, his face in deep shadow, Dr.

Dallas waited for the end which his practiced
eye detected to be very close. He was watching
as well, those keen light eyes fixed intently up-
on the patient's face, shaded also, but less ob-
scured than his own. The short heavy sleep
into which the other had fallen passed sudden-
ly as it had come. The hollow eyes opened
and the gaunt form on the bed raised itself
with a spasmodic effort.

"I must do my work," he said, hoarsely.
"Give me something to keep up my strength
for a moment—only for a moment." The
physician put a draught to his lips, but the ef-
fort to swallow convulsed the old man with a
painful spasm and he pushed it back with a
wild fear coming into his face.

"The little desk there," he whispered, point-
ing, waveringly to the article he wished.
"Quick, bring it!"

It was brought in an instant. His hands
fumbling at his breast brought forth a key sus-
pended on a ribbon from his neck, but his
trembling fingers refused to fit it to the lock.
The doctor's deft ones did, however, but even
then the sharp light eyes scarcely left his pa-
tient's face. A little box within having neither
lock nor key came beneath the fumbling fin-
gers, but he was sinking back, the sustaining
nerve power was almost gone. He realized
this with an agony plainly apparent in the hol-
low, imploring eyes.

"Let me—see it—burn; let me—!" he gasped
brokenly. "My God—quick!" Those light,
steady eyes were on him still and the doctor
did not move.

"Is there any thing more to be done?" he
asked. "Be quick if there is!"

"Yes—Wilma. Burn the box—Wilma—
guardian!"

"You want to name me as Wilma's guardian
and I am to burn the box. Yes, I see that is
it. Is that all?"

Some unintelligible utterances were checked
by the death-rattle in the throat; the gray
head fell back; a spasm, a groan, and then ut-
ter, eternal stillness of the wasted form.

CHAPTER II.

WAS IT WISE?

BREAKFAST was laid in the morning room of
the Richland mansion—one of those modern
palaces which lift their stately fronts upon
Western avenue in the city of Allegheny. It
was a cheery, ruddy room, small rather than
the opposite, with a polished black sideboard
where silver and crystal threw out cold spark-
les vieing with other crystal and silver and
delicate porcelain disposed upon the snowy
fine damask which draped the round breakfast-
table.

The table was laid for three, and at precisely
the second the little marble clock upon the
mantel trembled upon the first stroke of nine,
the door turned upon its noiseless hinges to ad-
mit the first of these. A middle-aged man
having a slight tendency toward obesity, with
a ruddy, rather heavy countenance shaved per-
fectly smooth, bright, calculating eyes under
well-arched brows, and brown, short hair
brushed smoothly across his heavy forehead.
An open, honest countenance was this of the
master of the Richland mansion, the face of a
man who carried no phases of his life hidden
out of sight of the world, one whose self-pride
and self-sufficiency were his worst faults.

He stood for a moment rubbing his soft
white hands before the bright blaze glowing in
the grate, for this was the first day of Novem-
ber, and though clear there was a wintry chill
in the air without, and Mr. Richland clung
with the persistency of a fixed affection to
cheery open fires. He took out his watch and
wound it, glancing up at the little clock whose
silvery chime had ceased, and turning to face
the door as he returned it to his pocket. This
was his habitual custom, repeated as often as
nine of the morning came around, and varied
simply through the different seasons and
changes of location. If ever man was rigid in
the observance of regular habits, Mr. Richland
was open to the imputation.

"Three minutes past," he said to himself.
"Mrs. Richland is unusually late this morning.
Ethel never is very punctual. Ah, good-
morning, my dears! I was remarking it that
you are almost behind time for an occasion,
Gertrude."

Two ladies had entered together, and a ser-
vant making an appearance with the coffee, the
little party dropped into their places after an
exchange of the customary greetings. Mrs.
Richland, younger than her husband by a full
decade, was tall, with a slender, graceful shape
and languid carriage which matched the quiet
repose of her striking face. It was an oval
face, the skin marble-white and smooth; eyes,
hair and lashes, a soft jetty black; the only
break of color in the firm close lips. If any
kindred emotion rivaled Mr. Richland's in-
dividual self-sufficiency it was pride of his
wife's beauty and culture.

The other, a girl of eighteen, was his sister.
Also tall, she lacked half a head of Mrs. Rich-
land's height, and the round supple form may
have been a trifle less perfect in its modula-
tions, yet Ethel Richland's was not a beauty to
pale even by the side of the other matchless
face. Hers was a fair sweet face, framed in
by glittering yellow hair confined loosely this
morning in a wide-meshed net—the blue cash-
mere morning robe she wore bringing out the
exquisite tints of her fine complexion. Some
points of resemblance there were between sister
and brother, but so modified that they lay ra-
ther in the intangible reminder one sometimes
recognizes than in any likeness to be analyzed
or defined. A reigning belle of this season
scarcely yet opened Miss Richland was, no less
so now than when her debut, a year before, had
created a *furore* not often equaled in the high-
est circles where the Richlands moved. Sitting
at his breakfast-table, that bright morning, with
the delicate viands for which he had an epicu-
rean taste before him, with the two lovely con-
trasting faces on either hand, Mr. Richland felt
himself a superlatively contented man.

"And now what may be the newest sensa-

tion?" he asked, as he broke his egg with neat dexterity. "You are generally ready with a budget, Ethel. Is there a new star disputing the horizon with you, or does the reaction begin with the first outgoing of the time?"

"Nothing of the kind, brother. A dearth of news perhaps, since I do not recall an item of late intelligence. There will be plenty with next week and the Latham opening."

"Then, for once, fashionable intelligence is behind the times, or one of the pet votaries has dropped voluntarily into our groove. Who do you suppose is back in town, who, after a year's absence, is prepared to be honored and favored in the way some of you ladies lavish upon the Beau Brummels of our date? Guess, my dear?"

"Really," Mrs. Richland's delicate brows arched in a vainly reflective way. "There are so many late tourists putting in an appearance just now that I can not even hazard a guess."

"And you, Ethel; what have you to say in defense of intuition and presentiments? You should surely have been warned by one or the other. It is Hetherville, Erle Hetherville, Gertrude, and there have been sly thrusts made at me already, hints of sackcloth and ashes for us, and wedding favors at no great distance. How is it, Ethel? Have you young people been outreaching our knowledge of this delicate *affaire de coeur*? Now that is hardly generous when so much of it is due to me."

"I assure you, Howard, this is my first intimation that Mr. Hetherville had returned. Rumor as usual is far too fast. I thought he was not expected until later in the month."

"Youthful impetuosity, I presume."

Mrs. Richland cast a glance of interest across at her young sister-in-law. The fair face opposite might have caught her own usual expression of repose at that moment, so far was it from telling the tale she half-expected to read there. Ethel's eyes were upon her plate, her hand idly playing with her china cup. Much or little as Erle Hetherville might be to her, she was equal to meeting the announcement of his return with unmoved composure.

"You have seen him?" Mrs. Richland asked. "Unfortunately, no. He called at the bank yesterday, after I had left, it appears. Late last night came his note of apology. He is busy with his agent, with a duty trip out of town before he can report here, but will make his own apology in person on the earliest possible occasion."

"He will be quite an acquisition, a general favorite of a year ago, as you recall. Have you any plans for to-day, Ethel?"

"None, I believe."

"I have been thinking"—she was addressing her husband again—"if you have no objection, there is a young girl in whom I have taken rather an interest, whose services might be made available in the house. She is an orphan, quite without relatives, I believe."

"Certainly, my dear Gertrude, certainly. You should be assured of my approving any decision of yours, and your generous philanthropy is a credit which I am proud to acknowledge. Any orders of yours I shall be most happy to put into execution."

Fifteen years of wedded life had not tended to make him unobservant of the tender courtesies which too often close with the honeymoon; but society, which ferrets out more of private life than it is always pleasant to find abroad, had long ago tacitly acknowledged that the Richland honeymoon was perennial. Apparently the lady had entertained no doubt of his gracious concurrence.

"You are very kind, but I will not trouble you. I meant to have remarked that I was not proposing the girl's coming here in the capacity of a servant. She was a ward of Mr. Gregory—Matthew Gregory, lately deceased, who resided some miles out on the old Manchester road."

Ethel, listening with no personal interest in the subject, was surprised at the annoyed, impatient shade sweeping into her brother's face surprised as well at the doubt and questioning in his eyes as they rested for an instant in sharp scrutiny upon his wife. Her dark orbs met the gaze calmly, and her quiet features were not disturbed by a fluctuation from their habitual repose.

"Very well, Gertrude; do as you think best in every thing, of course. Your judgment is to be trusted, my dear."

It was not often that Mrs. Richland troubled him for an opinion on such a minor point, and his last words seemed spoken as an intimation that the subject dropped there. She was content to let it be so, with the added observation: "I shall call your solicitor's during my drive to-day and leave the matter in his hands to be arranged. There may be some legal forms to be observed, though I think not probable. If you care to accompany me, Ethel, you may direct the drive afterward."

Ethel cared sufficiently to signify her acquiescence as they rose from the breakfast-table.

"Will you come into the library, if you are at liberty for a moment?" her brother requested. "I have a word for your private ear which may as well be said now as at any later time."

She cast a quick, apprehensive glance into his face and hesitated with a half-protest.

"Now, Howard? Will you not be detained?"

"My dear, no; I have fully a half-hour at my disposal. Unless you prefer another time, in which case I can defer to you."

She made a gesture of dissent and followed him, a quiver of nervousness upon her, a certain intimation of what manner of interview his request prefaced.

"I think you must know what there is to be said, Ethel. You know what Erle Hetherville's coming must mean for you. Let me be the first to give you congratulation of the fair prospect which will be speedily yours. I don't know another man to whom I could resign you so willingly."

"But there need be no haste," she protested, faintly. "There is no question of resigning me yet, Howard. I hope you are not wishing to do so soon."

"Only for your own sake. It is my desire and my advice that this marriage which has been in contemplation so long, shall be consummated at the time first named, and that time is nearly here. You are eighteen, Erle is six years your senior, and your betrothal has been of just that length of duration. My courtship occupied just six weeks, and it is by the light of my own experience that I would urge you to flatter away none of the coming years that will be brighter for being shared together."

Holding his head erect, and with the glow of earnestness shining in his honest face, one could comprehend how the man's heart spoke in his words, and what a wealth of peaceful content his own life embraced.

"Erle will come expecting it," he continued after a moment, during which she had not made a reply. "I wanted to urge you to let no coy spirit interfere with whatever proposal he may make. There could be no more perfect fitness of things than is exemplified in the case of you two. I believe if any other union in the world can be blissfully complete as mine has proved, yours will be that one. Young and naturally adapted to each other, no circumstance has been wanting to perfect the mutual attraction, nothing will be lacking to make it complete to the end. One possible flaw which I warrant you two have never considered at all, I shall

take the precaution to avoid. You have nothing in your own right, my dear Ethel, but Hetherville's bride will have a dower of which she need not be ashamed. There, not a word! It is my privilege to do that much for you, since my little sister was left to fill the place in my heart which must have been a void otherwise. My affection has been fatherly as well as brotherly, I fancy."

"Best and dearest of brothers," she said, softly, her fair face eloquent with love and gratitude. "You would never urge me to any thing which would not forward my happiness, I am sure. You would never ask me to sacrifice that, Howard?"

"I would advise nothing which would not insure it, Ethel. You don't mean, though, with a wave of doubt and apprehension struggling into his face—"you surely can't mean—"

"I can't and don't mean to disappoint you if I can avoid it, dear brother. I scarcely know what I do mean, except that I am not quite sure of myself or of Erle. I may become so—who knows?—when I have seen him again."

"I think I may be sure of you," Mr. Richland said, with a fond glance down into the fair, wistful face. "A girl's natural shyness, that is all."

"Was it all, oh, Howard Richland, wise in your own way as you may have been, but blinded by your own light of fancied secure content?"

A small sketch-portfolio lay upon the table by which Ethel was standing, and she turned the loose leaves absent after he had left her, a far away look in the soft hazel eyes, a closer setting than was habitual to the red lips. One of the leaves fluttered from beneath her hand to the floor. It was the merest outline of a sketch, a masculine head in profile, carefully begun it would appear—a fine, firm outline of feature, bold and clear as seen in even that unfinished penciling. She stooped to raise it after one glance swiftly averted, and, crossing to the hearth, paused there, the bit of paper held loosely in her fingers, undecided and wavering for a moment.

Was it only girlish shyness that caused her to shrink at thought of Erle Hetherville, then? Oh, Howard Richland, wise in your own belief, generous in your own inflexible way, was it wise and generous of you to prevail upon a child's unreasoning assurance and unthinking consent to your mapping out of the most important step of her life? But she had consented, and she was Erle Hetherville's promised wife, and Erle Hetherville was doubtless here to claim the fulfillment of that standing promise. The indecision and the wavering seemed to pass; the paper held so loosely dropped without any apparent effort from her into the grate, where a low fire smoldered.

A few hours later the two ladies settled back amid the azure cushions of a barouche, enjoyed the fresh air and mellow sunshine of the bright fall day.

"Will you wait?" Mrs. Richland asked, as, obedient to her order, the carriage was brought to a stand before the tall building, where the lawyer's office was wished in between numerous other offices of more or less pretentious appearance. "I will be back in five minutes or less, perhaps."

"I shall wait here then, of course. Take your own time, Gertrude."

Ethel could not have told whether it was five minutes merely or five times five that passed before her sister-in-law's return. She had fallen into a reverie with the sounds of the street unheeded about her when Mrs. Richland's voice spoke at her side.

"I was longer than I intended, but I think I shall not need to plead an excuse. I am fortunate in chancing upon an old friend of ours. Miss Richland, there is certainly not a possibility of your having forgotten Mr. Lenoir."

Ethel lifted her eyes with the slightest start, a light of surprise in their hazel depths, a soft glow coming into her cheeks as she saw in the face before her the original of that imperfect sketch which crisscrossed the library coals so few hours ago.

CHAPTER III.

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"I should be sorry to claim a memory so short-reaching as that, and this meeting is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Lenoir. And you are looking better for those wild scrambles over the rough roads, or is it the time since has lent the improvement of that bronze and healthy tinge?"

She leaned forward to give him her slim, gloved hand, and a bright smile, which seconded the pleasure she had expressed.

"The entire time, I think; I am only back from the country these past two days. You saw me first in my most spectral gauntness after a hard season of hard work and a siege of fever to follow it. I am my natural self again, thoroughly rejuvenated. To drop self, are you finding it very dull in the semi-unsettled state which prevails until the season is fairly ushered in?"

"We possess that happy faculty of seldom admitting dullness. I think Howard is careful to leave no room in the household for that perverter of all natures."

"To guard still further against the chance, can we not prevail upon you to favor us with your companionship for the rest of the day? We are two lonely females, drifting without aim or object just now, and it will be a pleasure to dispense with formalities by introducing you direct to our place upon Western avenue. You surely can not refuse to return and dine with us, Mr. Lenoir?" Mrs. Richland's invitation was cordially given, but it is to be questioned if Ethel's smile and glance did not weigh most in the scale where his momentary indecision balanced. She almost doubted if it had been indecision he was so positive, despite the unmistakable regret of his response.

"Impossible opportunities are always doubly enticing, I think. This one is too brilliant to be tempted by any dereliction of duty, and you will pardon the necessity which demands my declining your kindness with warmest thanks. I am back to duty again on the editorial staff of one of our dailies; I have cultivated the habit of reading my own proofs, and am satisfied there are some at this moment awaiting my attention. After a season of unwonted pleasuring I must pin close to my post for a time."

"Let us see, then, if we can not effect a compromise between inexorable duty and our brief expectations for the afternoon. Suppose we call for you an hour or two from this? We can drive, meantime, or find other amusement until you are at liberty. When and where shall we call for you, Mr. Lenoir?"

"You are too kind, Mrs. Richland; and the trouble—"

"Please don't attempt to make another objection. Gertrude can be persistent when she likes, and to change the old order of things this once, consider us at your service of the mountains to turn disobliging. The trifle of imperiousness was given of the belle who was ac-

customed to have her wish recognized as law, and said plainly as words might have done—"You will come because I wish it." The glance of appeal was all sweet and shy and womanly, irresistible to him as the soft light of those hazel eyes had been to others many and many a time.

"I would be a churl to refuse after such gracious condescension. I am happy to accept, Mrs. Richland, and I will be at liberty within the hour. The editorial rooms are just opposite, the reading room below."

In an hour then. And in the meantime, Ethel, did you mention the Industrial Fair?

"As well there as anywhere."

The carriage rolled on, but there was a misty picture before Lenoir's mind still of a pretty face and soft, appealing eyes, and tiny sparks of bright hair clinging to the temples—a picture which was dissipated as a hand descended by no means lightly upon his shoulder.

"Sky-gazing, Lenoir? More profitable than skylarking perhaps, but not precisely the occupation to suit our chief just now. So you are acquainted with *la belle Invincible*?" It was a reporter from his own office who had addressed him so unceremoniously.

"With whom, Crayton?"

"The Richland, to be sure. She deserves the title if any one does. Circé herself never wove more subtle spells. I wonder if I need to tell you how fast her reign has been—how doubly fatal, since to fall a victim once is to exemplify the old tale of the moth and the flame; the fascination endures to the end, always a fatal end to the silly moth."

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"My dear fellow, are you susceptible to friendly advice? I have a fancy you may need it yet—beware of the flame! You can never be more mistaken in life than in hanging your faith upon outward appearances. She is the greatest coquette, the most heartless flirt, and unmerciful despot of the day, and to have that truthfully averred is to have gained notorious celebrity among the coquettes, flirts and despots, of our twin-cities, that I tell you. Better to trust yourself to the tender mercies of sharpers and knaves than to have fallen—"

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pleasure of any dealing with the late Mr. Gregory."

"Ah—strange! Let me beg that you will pardon the mistake. With a few more words Dr. Craven Dumas bowed himself out, and Mrs. Richland turned her quiet face toward her sister-in-law."

"You are something of a physiognomist, I believe, my dear. What is your opinion of that man?"

Ethel gave an expressive little shudder. "He is a person I never could tolerate with any degree of composure, I fancy. He looks to have the inclination of a sycophant; he is cunning and insincere, I am sure."

"My impression of him was almost the same," Gertrude said, slowly. To herself she added—"It was like coming into contact with the slimy coil of a serpent."

(To be continued.)

NADIA.

THE RUSSIAN SPY; OR, The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER. AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJA," "THE SEA OAT," "THE JACK RIDER," "DOUBLE-DEATH," ETC., ETC.

daring followers, who swept all resistance away like cobwebs, and avenged in that hour many a cruelty inflicted by Russian hands.

In ten minutes more all was quiet, the last soldier slain, and the houses and barracks fired. A huddled crowd of helpless women and children, with a few men whose uniform told that they were officers, were gathered on the parade, surrounded by enemies, and awaiting the sentence of the Circassian leader.

The prophet rode forward, a short, square man, of great apparent strength, a green robe and a turban shading his glittering mail, and called out:

"Let the chief of the Muscovite dogs be sent to my own stronghold, to be kept for exchange with our own people. Let the women and children be coupled together and sold for slaves. I have spoken. Return to your mountains, children of Allah."

He was about turning away, when the clatter of hoofs was heard, and a horseman rode in at full speed and threw his horse on its haunches before Schamyl.

"Great prophet," he said, "the outlying party on the Tiflis road has captured an infidel woman of surpassing beauty, and they report a heavy column of the enemy coming from Tiflis, with a General's flag."

"Send the prisoners away by the passes to the secret ravine," said Schamyl, eagerly. "We will try conclusions with this column in the woods. Hamet Bey, take charge of the prisoners. I myself will head the rest."

The girl known as Anna Bronk sat patiently in a corner of the tarantass, where her captors had left her, when they found what sort of a prisoner they had taken. The vehicle had been drawn off the road and ensconced in a thicket. It was pitch dark, and she was apparently unguarded. Not a sound struck the ear since her captors had left her there, and she had heard the rushing echoes of horse-hoofs.

"Why should I not try it?" she suddenly said to herself, as she found herself undisturbed.

As she thought, struck her, she sprung up and out of the carriage, and stole off through the woods. She knew not whether she was going, only she had a vague idea that she was leaving the coast, and approaching the Turkish frontier. Toward that she had been endeavoring to come over since her escape, and toward that she felt she was going now. She had lost sight of the tarantass, and was beginning to flatter herself she was clear, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a stern voice demanded:

"Daughter of the Muscovite, whither would you go? Do you think that the warriors of Schamyl are blind and deaf? Your friends are coming on yonder road, and the prophet is ready to destroy them."

The girl exhibited no symptoms of surprise or alarm, as she answered, speaking his own language:

"Why call you me daughter of the Muscovite? I was their prisoner, and you have rescued me. Where are the dogs coming?"

"Up the road from Tiflis," said the Circassian, unguardedly. "But how is it that you come to be a prisoner with them, beautiful damsel? I know you must be beautiful, from your voice."

"Never mind how I came there," said the girl, hurriedly; "but tell me, what will your people do with me, now they have got me?"

"You will be set apart for the prophet's harem," said the other, "as the loveliest maidens always are. Were you a true believer, he might even make you his wife. As for us poor warriors, we that have only a horse and arms must be content with a mountain-maid."

The girl pressed close to the warrior in the darkness.

"Suppose that you were to carry me off," she said, quietly; "how much could you sell me to the Turks?"

The warrior started, and ejaculated: "Staffer Allah, it is impossible—and yet—a hundred thousand piastres would be cheap for such as you."

She placed one arm in his caressingly. "The night is dark and the Circassian is brave," she said. "His horse would carry us out of Schamyl's reach in an hour, would it not?"

"It would," said the other, trembling with excitement. His soul was full of romance and chivalry, like all his race, and he felt all on fire at the moment.

"Listen," said the girl, in a whisper: "you are poor, and you would be rich. You have nothing but horse and arms, and Schamyl is rich. Be brave, and you too may be rich. Mount your horse, and take me behind you, and I will save you. Now tell me, where are the dogs?"

"Impossible," said the other; "our scouts are watching the road now for the Muscovites, and if we passed the one, we should run into the other."

"Tell me your name," said the girl, suddenly. "I am Hafiz, the son of Abdallah," said the warrior, proudly.

"I will remember that Hafiz, the son of Abdallah, is a coward," she said, turning away. "He dares not venture his neck for a maiden's love. Farewell, Hafiz."

She spoke with scolding scorn, and Hafiz cried out:

"Fairer maiden, I would risk perdition for thee. I will help thee away. Let the prophet go hang."

For answer the girl threw her arms round his neck, gratefully, in the true Circassian fashion.

"Thou art my own brave Hafiz," she whispered, softly, into his ear. "And now lead on."

"Follow me, beautiful maiden," whispered Hafiz, and she stole off among the trees in cautious silence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE.

In a short time they emerged upon the dark, narrow road in which the tarantass had been seized, and the false vedette spoke, in a low tone:

"I am the only outpost on this part of the road, but the woods are full of men in ambush a little further on. They expect the enemy in half an hour, from the reports of the scouts. My horse is here."

And he went to a tree, and led out a splendidly-carriaged horse, on whose housings the gold lace glittered, even in the faint starlight.

"Behold Alkader—the strong one—my princess," he said. "He will outpace any steed on the mountains, and gallop from dawn to dark; and with him will I bear away my princess, my white rose, to the sweet waters of Scutari."

"Which way shall we go then?" asked the girl, hesitatingly, "if we can not pass by this road."

"We will take the mountain paths to Kars and Erwan, that only I know," said Hafiz, "and ere morning we shall sleep in peace in my own cot on the mountain."

"Nay, nay," said the girl, hastily. "I said not so. You promised to take me to Kars, not to keep me in the mountains."

"Only mount Alkader, sweet princess, and all shall be well," said Hafiz, evasively. "Time flies."

"Tell me one thing," she said, "and I will: Would you people in ambush fire at a rider galloping from this way toward the enemy?"

"Perhaps not," said Hafiz. "They would take him for a scout sent by the prophet."

"Then help me to mount," said she, and stepped lightly on the warrior's hand, with the same remarkable agility that she had displayed before in accepting Captain Blank's offer.

Just as Hafiz was preparing to mount before her, the sound of a distant bugle startled both.

"What is that, Hafiz? Listen!" she said, earnestly.

"The Muscovite trumpet," said the warrior, coolly.

"Ay, but how far off are they? Place your ear to the ground and listen. So! Alkader."

The spirited horse tossed his head at the sound of the bugle, and began to fidget. Just as Hafiz, in obedience to his lady's wish, stooped down to the ground, the girl shifted her seat into the saddle itself, and took up the reins.

"The enemy are not a mile off," said Hafiz, listening. "We shall be able to escape during the fighting without being noticed."

"Perhaps," said the girl, in a tone of scorn. "Meanwhile, farewell."

And before the astounded Hafiz could realize the trick she had played him, the quick-witted girl shook the rein, and was off at full speed down the narrow road toward the Russians, throwing back a taunting laugh as she went.

Hafiz had consented to fly with her, inspired by love and romance. His duty to the prophet neglected was as nothing with him to the *ecarté* he would gain among the heroes of the Caucasus, by carrying off a beautiful maiden to the mountains in the teeth of all danger.

The girl herself had enticed him to desert his post, and had fooled and deceived him. He was disgraced forever, unless he could repair the blunder. Mad with rage, he leveled his rifle and fired, and for all his answer heard the hoofs of Alkader speeding faster.

Meanwhile the fugitive girl herself galloped down the road past the silent woods in safety. The lurking enemies that were ensconced there did not stir, as the rapid tramp of the flying steed passed by them; and at last the girl emerged from the woods and saw before her an open stretch of comparatively level road, on which a faint light shone from the sky.

A dark moving mass loomed up in the distance, emerging from a gap in the mountains; and the dull rumble of hoofs and wheels announced that the Russian column was coming unsuspectingly on. Then the fugitive, who seemed to be hunted of all men, by Russian and Circassian alike, never hesitated, but, turning Alkader with rein and voice, flew straight toward her enemies, the Russians.

In a moment more she was close to a group of horsemen in advance; and the loud command, "Halt!" was followed ere she could obey it, by the reports of three carbines, the bullets whistling past her ears in dreadfully close proximity.

The fugitive pulled up her horse just in time to escape a pistol-shot, and a grim, bearded Cossack crossed seized her rein, crying:

"Whither so fast, friend? Do you expect to pass Potopoff on duty? Eh, holy St. Nicholas! 'Tis a woman!"

"Where is your commandant?" panted the girl, eagerly. "I would see him at once. Schamyl is in yonder woods, lying in wait for your men; and he has taken Bakto to-night."

"Say you so?" said old Potopoff, shrewdly, for it was that same redoubtable sergeant who had been ordered to the Caucasus. "Then we must send you back to the General. No, there is no need of it. Here comes a staff-officer."

And, in effect, at that moment up galloped an officer, who put the inquiry:

"What's the matter, sergeant? Who fired those shots?"

"I fired one, honored captain, and here is a woman who has escaped from the Circassians. She says that Schamyl is waiting for us in yonder woods, and has taken Bakto."

The officer rode up to the girl and peered into her face in the darkness.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The girl started. She knew the voice of Captain Blank.

"I am she you saved at Perofsky," she said, in a low voice. "I told you Russia should not repent it. Schamyl has taken Bakto, and waits for you in yonder woods. You are warned. Now, in God's name, let me go."

The officer reached out his hand and pressed hers.

"I do not understand you," he said; "but I believe you are true to Russia. You shall depart in peace. Take this paper, and when you need to pass our lines, show it. Some will understand, some will not, but it will reach me, and I will save you. Now tell me, where are the enemy?"

She pointed to the dark woods.

"There, flanking the road."

"Enough," he said. "Now farewell."

The girl galloped past the column halted in the road without further molestation, and as she turned into a side ravine, she heard the reports of artillery, which told that the Russians were shelling the woods from the open valley, under the guidance of that omnipresent and mysterious Captain Blank.

CHAPTER X.

MUSTAPHA BEY'S SLAVE.

MUSTAPHA BEY, Governor of Kars, sat upon the square, cushioned divan of his chamber of justice, smoking the pipe of peace, and thanking God that his day's troubles were over. The worthy Bey had been deciding innumerable petty disputes, about cows and goats, between contending peasants; he had been bothered with complaints of robberies on the part of his new Bashli Bozokus, raised to defend the province against the expected invasions of the Russians; and altogether he was tired out with the wrangling, and only anxious to be left alone.

The Bey was also much troubled in spirit about certain grave complaints that he heard had been sent about him to the Sultan. He had allowed the troops too much license, and the consequences promised to be serious; unless he could contrive some way to appease the powers at Stamboul.

To him, gravely smoking and ruminating, suddenly entered his pipe-bearer, salaaming profoundly, who then stood before him in silence, with crossed arms.

The Bey smoked on for some minutes without speaking. At last he raised his head and looked the pipe-bearer in the face.

"Well, Ali, what would you?"

"So please my lord," said Ali, bowing, "the Tartar slave-merchant, Yussuff, is without, and craves leave to see your highness."

"What wants the son of a burnt father?" asked the Bey, irritably. "Did I not tell him never to enter Kars again? He sold me a girl that he swore was as gentle as a lamb, and she turned out as wild as a child of Shaitan, and has kept my house in the torments of Jahannam ever since. Tell Yussuff to pack."

Ali stood his ground and urged hesitatingly.

"The merchant says that he has brought your highness a girl-slave fit to enter the harem of the Sultan himself. He earnestly desires that you would see her, as he only wishes permission to take her to Stamboul, if your highness does not like her."

The old Bey considered a moment.

"The dog has taste," he muttered. "That child of the evil one, Ayesha, was a beauty. Who knows? This may be a splendid present for the Sultan, and I need not keep her myself."

He ruminated over his pipe in his slow, Oriental fashion, and finally spoke.

"Bismillah! In the name of Allah admit the dog."

Ali, whose palm had been previously greased by the slave-merchant, which partly accounted for his unusual boldness, stepped out, and presently returned with a dark squat-looking Tartar, a young, sensual face. This man was magnificently dressed in the old Turkish fashion, and his green turban announced him to be a Hadji, one who had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. He advanced to the foot of the divan, and prostrated himself with the utmost respect, kissing the ground three times, and saying:

"Oh, great my lord Bey, like the sight of water in the desert is the sight of your highness, whose smile is like that of the angel of life! Poor Hadji Yussuff has brought for your highness a pearl without price, a jewel fit for the seraglio of the Padishah himself, and he has picked her up so cheap that he can afford to let your highness have her for a few thousand piasters, the mere price of a common black house-slave."

Mustapha Bey gravely motioned the other to stand before him, and smoked silently for some minutes before he said:

"Hadji Yussuff, may the grave of your mother be defiled, and may dogs howl over your father's bones! You cheated me in your last bargain; and by Allah, that Ayesha has brought more trouble into the house than a whole legion of devils! She has spit on my beard, and picked up knives to assault her mistress. She has the temper of Ebilis herself! Whose dog are you to come into my presence after such a deed?"

Hadji Yussuff waved his hand deprecatingly, and protested:

"Good my lord, how can you suspect your slave of an intention to deceive you? The girl Ayesha was quiet enough with me, and never dared to show temper. If your highness should order her a dose of the stick daily, I warrant me she would soon be quiet. If your highness does not like her, I will even take her back."

The Bey's eyes glittered, and he uttered a sigh of relief as he asked:

"Will you really? Ah, Yussuff, that is well said; and now for your new girl. Where is she, and how did you get her?"

"To please your highness, she is one of those Russians who was found among the mountains by a Circassian chief, having lost her way, and was brought down to the plains with a number of Circassian and Georgian girls, where I bought her."

"Is she beautiful?" asked the Bey.

Yussuff spread his hands in ecstasy.

"A perfect Hour, my lord, with hair like a flowing river, and eyes like two dark pools of water. She is shaped like a gazelle, and can dance like a *pharisee* (professional dancer)."

"What sort of a temper has she?" demanded the Bey, cautiously. "I want no more Ayeshas, you know."

"Your highness shall see her before buying her," said Yussuff, with a wave of his hand, implying great things. "Have I your leave to introduce her?"

The Governor nodded and turned to Ali, who had been standing by, waiting for orders.

"Bring the woman in, and clear the men out of the ante-room. Go."

Ali escorted Hadji Yussuff from the room, and the Governor, on the divan, soliloquized:

"This may be a good thing if I can trade off Ayesha, and get this beauty to send to the Sultan. True, the girl cost me a hundred thousand piasters; but she will be cheap if he buys off this mob of complaining people at Stamboul. Allah Kerim!"

The old Bey sat ruminating over his project till Ali re-entered the room, escorting Yussuff, the slave-merchant, and a valiant female figure, shrouded from head to foot in white drapery. In spite of the disfiguring disguise, there was a certain nomenclature of grace and refinement about the figure that riveted attention and excited curiosity. A very diminutive foot, in a tiny red slipper, that peeped out from under the folds of the drapery, assisted to confirm the favorable impression made by the mysterious girl; and the old Bey involuntarily took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked longingly at the figure. Then he turned angrily to Ali and growled:

"Pack, begone, son of a burnt father! Who wanted your black face and yellow eyes in the presence of Paradise? Go!"

Ali vanished, and the slave-merchant advanced with his silent charge to the foot of the divan.

"Now your highness shall see," he said, "whether I was not right when I promised you a perfect Hour, my lord."

As he spoke he whisked off the white veil, and revealed to the enraptured gaze of Mustapha Bey the loveliest maiden he had ever seen.

"Allah akbar! God is Great!" exclaimed the old Turk, licking his thick lips at the sight and leering affectionately at the new slave; "she is indeed a Hour!"

The girl so theatrically discovered was slender, graceful and rounded in shape, with long plaits of glistening black hair, and eyes like mountain lakes, deep, dark and clear. She was richly dressed in the Circassian fashion, and stood calmly before the Bey, looking at him with a haughty grace such as a princess might have used to a slave. Mustapha Bey dropped his pipe, and exclaimed:

"Allah Kerim! she is fit for the Sultan! Quick, Hadji, quick! name your terms, and you shall have Ayesha to boot. Wallah! she would seduce the prophet himself. What is her name?"

"Her name is Leila," said Hadji Yussuff. "Her price is, Ayesha, and a hundred thousand piasters."

"You shall have both," exclaimed Mustapha Bey. "Can she speak Turkish?"

The girl herself answered, quietly:

"If my lord will send me to Stamboul, I can. If he keep me here, he will find me worse than Ayesha."

CHAPTER XI.

THE GOLDEN HORN.

The sun was setting over the waters of the Golden Horn, and the city of Constantinople basked in its light like a city of fairyland. The long stretches of white wall that rose from the dark-blue waters were crowded with guns, and above them rose the seven hills of Stamboul, the slender minarets of the mosques shooting up like needles around the great gilded domes, set off by dark-green foliage below, white palace and kiosks, minaret and dome, alike combined in a picture of entrancing Eastern beauty.

The Golden Horn was crowded with shipping, English and French men-of-war lay at anchor, alongside of others from which floated the Crescent flag of the Porte. Man-of-war boats pulled here and there, among the graceful

foliaceous with their tall, triangular lateen sails; and light caïques,* like Indian canoes, shot to and fro among the other craft with marvelous swiftness.

On the soft evening breeze floated the cry of the muezzin from the minarets, calling the True Believers to prayer, with a long, sonorous chant, far sweeter than the clang of church bells.

The coffee-houses on the quay were crowded with English and French soldiers, on the way to their regiments, and the plodding Turks of Stamboul gazed with awe and astonishment on these barbarians, whose actions were so different to what they had been accustomed.

Here you might see a curious group outside of the principal coffee-house on the quay, consisting of four men, about as opposite in their demeanor as their nationalities. There was a stolid, heavy English guardsman, a piper of the Black Watch, a private of the Connaught Rangers, better known as the "Blackguard 88th," and finally a corporal of Zouaves with a black beard. All four of these gentlemen were in that state of drink in which national character comes out to the surface in the strongest light, and all four were consequently types of their races.

The guardsman was boozey and stolid, with an imperturbable gravity of demeanor that no joke could shake; the Scotsman was dry and sententious in his remarks, with a cunning twinkle in the corner of his gray eye; Paddy Carroll was quaint, witty, and quarrelsome; and Corporal Pichot was singing the Marseillaise with patriotic fervor, alternating the verses with remarks on the order of a Frenchman's love for wine and women.

"Arrah, corpal, but that's foine," exclaimed Mr. Carroll, admiringly, as Pichot concluded with—

"*Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur*

The corporal of Zouaves burred his r's in the most ferocious manner, and foamed at the mouth with savage fervor, as he shouted the end of his song; and then enthusiastically embraced Piper McPherson, crying:

"My brother in arms, my brave Ecossais, how I love thee! Ah, but our nations have been *separe* so long, so long, and mon Dieu, together we can vip all de world! To my arms, brave comrade!"

"Be jabers, thin Frinck is curious cr'atures," said Paddy Carroll, reflectively, as he lighted his dudden with quick, short puffs. "Arrah, Higgs, darlie, give yer ser a man hug another man like that afore? Begorra, the piper's a hairy old crature to be huggin' like a gal. Look at that now!"

The grim piper shoved the enthusiastic Zouave away with some difficulty and ejaculated:

"Hoot, mon, what the de'il ails ye? Can ye no sut quiet and drink yer whusky like a sowsy chiel as ye are, but ye manna be ravin' like a play-actor? Hoot awa'!"

"Arrah, corpal, corpal, look this away wunst, and be jabers, ye'll never want to hug a hairy old Scot again," suddenly exclaimed Paddy Carroll, pointing to the landing steps off the quay, close to where they were.

The Zouave turned, with mercurial quickness of mood, to see what the other meant, and beheld a large four-oared caïque, with the flag of the Sultan's seraglio at the stern, debarking at the steps a group of Turkish women, under the guardianship of two black slaves in the Sultan's uniform, with naked scimitars.

"Oh, *ciel!*" cried the corporal, as the closely-muffled figures on the steps congregated together, looking much like bundles of clothes going to the wash; "who would think that such hideous disguises covered the beauties of Circassia? Mon Dieu, if one could only see their faces!"

"And that's nae sic an easy thing," said Piper McPherson, slowly, rising as he spoke, and bringing his pipes to the front; "but gin ye like, Maister Peesho, I'll get ye a sight o' them in a meenit."

"And how's that?" asked Carroll, innocently; "whin it's agin' the orders to disturb thin lazy devils o' Turks or their wummin?"

"Patrick, lad, there's nae way o' killin' a dog than skinning him alive," said McPherson, dryly; "ye dinna ken, I suppose, wha Orpheus was."

"Orfis! Orfis!" repeated Carroll. "Bedad, I know an officer named Captain O'Toole, but nothin' nearer."

"Aweel, then, I'll tell ye," said the piper, with a grunt; "Orpheus was a Highland gentleman that played the pipes before the king of Scotland, twenty thousand years before Columbus discovered Ireland, when the Black Watch was his majesty's body-guard."

Here he put the pipe into his mouth and began to blow up the bag; and Carroll interjected:

"Howly Patrick! he must have been the piper that played before Moses, bedad."

Corporal Pichot had resumed his seat, and was gazing intently at the bevy of approaching women with all the impudent curiosity of a French Zouave. McPherson calmly continued his narration, while Tom Higgs, the British guardsman, sat ruminating, like an ox chewing the cud.

"Orpheus was a famous piper," said the Scot; "and they tell that he could gar the trees and stones to dance like human bodies. Aweel, lad, there was never a McPherson yet that couldna mak' a mon dance gin he jeked, and I mind that these Turkey bodies are a'mist crazy when they hear a skirl o' the pibroch; sae, we'll see if we can na get them at it noo. Hoigh! laddies, spring thin!"

As he spoke, he pressed the bag of the pibroch, already filled with wind, and the instrument uttered a fearful squeal, which instantly attracted the attention of every Turk within hearing. Like all barbarians, noise is the element that best pleases the Turks. Drums and cymbals are their favorites at home, and the skreigh of the bag-pipe came to most of them as an unimagined sight of delight. The first loud brai brought a crowd, running—a marvel in lazy Stamboul—and when the piper put on the buzzing drone, and started a maundering discursive treble above it, all eyes were fixed on him, all ears open. Gray-headed old men and ragged little boys came running out of every alley to hear the wild Frankish music, and fat bundles of clothes called women, all muffled up, so as only to show the eyes, waddled out by dozens blocking up the quay in front, and completely impeding the further progress of the party of women that had just landed from the caïque, under the charge of the black slaves. Indeed, the two latter had halted themselves, spellbound by the strange music, showing their white teeth from ear to ear with delight, and entirely forgetting their charges.

For over a minute McPherson continued to wabble up and down the gamut without any particular tune, the shriller squeals of his instrument eliciting cries of delight, while the enthusiasm of his numerous audience was slowly rising.

Then at last he started the long, throbbing bass of the drone for several bars without variation, and gradually warmed into the irresistibly inspiring strains of the famous "Tulloch-gorum."

As the regular pulsating drone of the bass gradually quickened and became mingled with the rollicking treble, Paddy Carroll first caught the infection and leaped to his feet, where he stood, as stiff as a post, listening with painful intentness to the progress of the air. Then, as it swelled up higher and louder, every note full of mirth, the Irishman uttered a tremendous howl, dashed his shako on the ground, and leaped up in the air.

"Holy Moses, give me a shillela," he yelled, "till I show the devils how to foot it!"

And, falling a shillela, the wild Connaught man snatched the long chibouque from the nearest Turk, and, flourishing it in the air, dashed into a jig, unable to resist the music.

Corporal Pichot, who was still watching the strange women with sparkling eyes, fdgeted on his seat, attracted by the music, till he, too, could no longer resist.

"*Sacrrrrre tete de cochon!*" he yelled at last, springing on the table and kicking bottles and glasses in all directions. "*A moi, Carroll! Le canon! Le canon!*"

And in a moment he, too, was dancing "all over," kicking as high as his head, yelling at the top of his powerful lungs, and bouncing off the table among the crowd.

Tom Higgs, stolid and boozey as that giant in the bear-skin hat seemed, followed the example of the rest with a sudden explosion of tremendous laughter, as if he had just taken a joke, and dashed into the "Soldier's Hornpipe," opposite to a fat Turk, who was gazing in wonderment at the whole proceeding.

At first the Turks only laughed in vague hilarity, feeling that there was something indelicately joyful in the music, but not knowing how to express it, as a male Turk never dances from the cradle to the grave. But when they saw the infidels so irresistibly impelled to dance; and when crowds of other soldiers came swarming out, all of whom began to dance, as if by instinct; and when the stout piper kept playing louder and louder; finally they, too, caught the infection; and first the women, then the men, commenced dancing together, each in their national grotesque fashion, while the black slaves in the Sultan's uniform jumped and rolled in their crazy African way, slashing recklessly round with their razor-like scimitars in the sword-dance of the Arab.

Louder and louder played McPherson, thicker and thicker grew the crowd, wilder and wilder grew the demeanor of all. As the piper had predicted, the women had dropped their veils from their faces in the general license, and the jealous Turks were too full of spirits to notice it.

The only cool man in the assembly was McPherson, who stood blowing and playing, with a broad grin on his grim, bearded face. The only woman who seemed unmoved was one of the party that came with the Sultan's harem caïque. She had dropped her veil, and was staring at the piper, a woman of wonderful brunette beauty, with eyes of peculiar splendor. She looked at him with a sad glance, contrasted with the merry faces of all present; and as if by an irresistible impulse, McPherson stopped.

The instant he did so, there was a dead silence, and people looked at each other with foolish faces. The women muffled themselves in their veils, the crowd dispersed; and the harem party swept by the piper through the throng.

A moment after, the piper felt a tug at his plaid, and beheld a little boy slave near him. The child slipped a note into his hand, and disappeared into the crowd.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 102.)

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Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—The enormous circulation of popular papers is a fact so significant that the heads of a certain class of "critics" must be thicker than a bomb-proof not to see in that universal taste of the public for fictitious narrative, a healthy and needed source of mental enjoyment. For these critics to set up a doleful whine over the "degeneracy" of popular taste is the sublimity of impudence. "The taste of ten thousand is all wrong—is a great evil, but my taste," he cries, "is all right—a great blessing." And what is his taste? Examine his library, and, nine chances to one, you'll find a superabundance of printed novels! And an absence of erudite or religious books. And the papers he reads are the dailies, literally stuffed with sensationalism of all sorts. Pahl! this critical cant over popular literature is literally "played out." The great and pleasing influence of the popular paper is confessed and established as one of those facts which only the stupid and bigoted ignore.

—Mrs. H. F. writes to complain of the discrepancy of wages as clerks paid in the stores to men and women. She is a saleswoman in a large dry-goods house and gets just twelve dollars a week, while men who are no better clerks get twenty. That there is great inequality in wages is very true, but we think women err in the rationale of the matter. It is not true, we are assured by those who hire women, that they are as efficient as men, save in exceptional cases. The number of women who are strong and really bodied, and who are promptly at their counters every week day of the month, is very small. The number of "necessary absences" among female clerks is so great that such establishments as Stewart's hire a considerable percentage more than a working force, in order to provide for these absences. With men it is entirely different. Their steady labor is demanded and given; they learn the business to follow it for life, whether they are married or unmarried; but a woman learns it only to abandon it as soon as she marries. This is the woman's want of true commercial value—which makes the discrepancy in wages.

—It is our Mr. Whitehorn who, writing pathetically about growing old, "gets off" this luminous paragraph:

"How well I remember the rose-tint of romance that brightened the white mists that veiled the portals of the future, that seemed so far off that my aspiring young heart, that beat high with high hopes that—let's see: where am I? I'm best if I know."

Which is a model in its way (as it doubtless was designed to be) of how to say nothing. We have many a manuscript submitted whose syntax is just as abominable as this, and not always from novices in writing for the press. Many popular writers sling in adjectives and pronouns with a wonderful disregard of good style and correct expression. It is a most excellent practice for authors to revise their own productions. If that was done, as a rule, it would spare the manuscript reader and editor much labor of excision. The number of *thats* extracted in the course of a month would frighten a professor of mathematics if he was told to extract their square root.

SERMONETTE.

IV.
"If you've any thing to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it."

I OFTEN wonder if the men-folks love to rummage over things as much as we more domestic creatures do? I wonder if they like to haul over articles, and when the work is done, leave a sign that there are no more things to rummage over?

Grandma Lawless and I went up in the garret the other day to look through her old clothes chest, and such a sight of dresses and wearing apparel I haven't seen for an age. I didn't say much at first, and grandma somewhat

wondered at it because I am so seldom silent. She desired to know what I was thinking about. I scarcely knew myself, so I commenced to hum the lines that head this article.

"Grandma!" said I, "what is the use looking over these things, year in and year out? You don't want to wear any of them any more. Why not give them to some poor person who would be glad of them? You'll not be any worse off for your charitable deed, and some one else will be much better, as well as happier. It will make another's joy live, and it's nothing more than the duty we owe to those less fortunate than ourselves."

I had a nice time cutting over and altering those garments until I began to love the self-imposed task. I might have got through my work sooner if I had only held a sewing-circle, but those scandal, gossiping, backbiting and reputation-killing affairs I detest and despise. Strong language and weak tea are what you will find the definition of sewing-circles to be in the "Lawless" dictionary. I sha'n't say any more on that head, for it might spoil the sale of my dictionary.

There used to rest on my mantelpiece a little toy, valued because it was given to me by one whose bright blue eyes had long been closed in sleep under the daisies. Well, every week a poor little girl came to our house, for a bit of our help, and eagerly did she always gaze on that toy, as though she wished to possess it. I then thought how willing grandma was to give up her clothes "that another's joy might live," and it struck me that Eve was selfish to keep back the toy that would so gladden a child's heart. Though it caused me many a pang to part with it, I conquered my feelings and let it go.

Was it not better to let the child have it, and if it cost of our departed ones are allowed to rest upon us—would not his spirit feel pleased at what I had done? In life, it was his delight to make the hearts of others happy; and if his toy could bring one spark of sunshine into a clouded life, it would have been just wicked of me to do contrary to what I did.

Now are not some of you withholding what will give others joy? You may have articles you do not need put away, hoarding them up because you are loath to part with what once belonged to the dead; still, it is better to give them to the living. Only will feel as though you were doing as the departed ones would have wanted you to do. It is no disrespect to the dead, and you are over sensitive if you think it is so.

These little joys we can give others are so numerous, and the calls for them so many, that it is a great mystery to me why we are not more lavish of them, and why we want them all given to ourselves, and are so miserably not to wish our neighbors to have any portion of them. The cruel words and invidious we say against our fellow travelers will neither make them or us one whit happier, but the kindly ones will never pass from their memories. We may forget the good we do, but not the good that they do for us. If you haven't clothes or money to give the poor, don't begrudge them a kind word. Surely, that isn't much to ask of you, and it will certainly bring in a rich reward, if not in this life, it certainly will in the next; but we rarely, if ever, think of that, although we most assuredly should do so.

Perhaps I have these strange feelings for the poor because I have been thrown more among them than the rich, and know their feelings keener than some others can. I know they want kindness, so, my dear friends, think of them as brothers and sisters, and if you have any thing to give, give it, but give it with a kindly hand.

EVE LAWLESS.

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

WHY is it that newspaper editors of all degrees never have a vacant corner requiring a half-dozen lines of copy, but they fill it in with some such advice as this: "Wives, see to it that your homes are made pleasant. That neatness and order prevail, that no discordance jars upon the understanding, that yourself and your children be always habited tastefully, that above all you meet your husband, returning weary and weary and heavy-hearted, it may be from the trials of his day's business, with a smiling countenance and pleasant word which shall turn aside his burden and make him thankful for possessing such a home."

Oh, ye wives and mothers, who draw your eyes away from such a paragraph with a sigh, and a darkening of the discontent which has drawn lines in once patient and comely faces, which has sharpened tempers and features at once, and marked that little paradise of a home as a humdrum home so charmingly drawn, by the editor's facile pen as an illusion which never existed and never will exist except in such tranquil words, or in the fable's paradise of lovers' imaginations. What visions come up of exertions discontinued long ago! Of long forbearance, of struggling against the deadening sense of unappreciated effort, of self-subsiding never recognized, of a growing crust of indifference and of rebellious and bitter thoughts gaining an ascendancy, never touched or swept away by the magic of a loving husband's sympathy.

It is all well to teach woman's duty to her master, man, but would it not also be well to put in an occasional word on the other side of the question? Would it not be well to ask if the means of making home bright and pleasant are always placed within the power of the wife? How many self-asserting husbands are there who consider it incumbent upon their dignity to manifest the supremacy of their mastery in all those little ways which destroy the equality between them, and degrade the wife in her own mind by always keeping alive the fact that she is only the merest creature of his will.

How many come home from their day's work and no sooner put a foot upon their own thresholds than they shut themselves in a chilling, somber cloud! They have been perplexed during the day. There have been little annoyances, slights or disagreements, passed over at the time and pressed out of mind by the swift, steady flow of business, put aside because, forsooth! it would seem beneath manly dignity to evidence any rankling displeasure they have occasioned there in the presence of fellow-workmen or employees; but it is not beneath manly dignity to darken the hour of home-coming with their recurrence and the brooding resentment which may be cherished to any obtrusive degree there in the home sanctuary. It is beneath manly dignity to discuss business matters or consult upon them with the wife meeting him there, to question kindly of her cares during the day, or to propose a recreation which may be mutually shared after their different degrees of trial, but it is not beneath that same manly dignity to decry whatever may be amiss in the household with such little tact or such total lack of all consideration as to plant quick resentment in the wife's breast. He has his evening paper and absorbs its contents in the same gloomy, silent mood. There was once a time when she planned little surprises, and took time and trouble and expended all her taste in quiet adornments, and the disappointment which followed the failure of commendation then has merged into the sullen despondency which meets his coldly-spoken reprimand now. If

home proves itself too unattractive, he strolls out after dinner to his club or to the theater, and puts on his pleasant mood for the benefit of the passing acquaintances he meets there, only to be put off again when the two shadows meet and mingle—his home and his coming there.

If the wife looks into the evening paper, it is with almost a guilty sense of neglecting some duty by taking the time, so constant are her cares and the requirements exacted from her. Her evening recreations are few and far between, and even the interest of the paper fails, she is so far removed from the doings of the world and the people of whom she reads.

It is the wrong system, whose roots strike so long and deep that no quick reformation can compass them working at variance in these clouded homes. It is the different way taken by each, the wide estrangement, the failure to reciprocate each other's feelings and to bear with each other's failings and lighten each other's burdens, rather than cast all blame upon either one, all responsibility, and of assuming and feeling a martyrdom each which results in worse than indifference, in recrimination thought or spoken, in a wider widening of the breach, in cherishing and nourishing the familiar demons which never exist in happy hearts and happy homes.

Two sides to the question! and most often the wife's well-meant and patient efforts have been worn out, her timid outcrochings of affection cast back upon themselves, and her tried spirit bent and broken before utter hopelessness of the case is reached—if it ever be reached, indeed! Mutual ties can not quite be broken asunder and cast away, and while one remains there exists the chance of a better understanding and a happier change. Alas that so few find it!

HOME.

God pity him who has no home, and is but a waif drifting about in the great ocean of life. Yes, we ought to pity him, for he has need of our pity. Yet, when we do have a home, how little do we value it! We only know what a blessing it is when we lose it. Wandering through foreign lands, surrounded by every luxury and enjoyment, our hearts will long to return to the home and scenes of our early days even if they are only a rough hut and wild and rugged trees growing around it.

Michael may have more justice done to him in America than in Ireland; he may have better pay; he may have no fear of the visit of the tax-gatherer, or the constraint for the "rind," he may love his adopted country as much as any one born under our bright starry banner, but his thoughts will go "over the sea," to the land of the shamrock, and fondly will he cling to it. Ireland may be full of its persecutions, but it is home, and can we blame him for loving it, or for the tears that will start at the picture of some loved spot wherein he used to stray when but a "bit of a boy?"

Rev. Elijah Kellogg says, in his "Turning of the Tide": "I tell you, no other place ever seems like the one where you played when you were little."

Again, a certain family had met with a reverse of circumstances and had to leave the dear old homestead. It was hard to leave it and all its memories, and, as they were turning from the spot, Mr. Kellogg puts these words to the mouth of one of the speakers: "I tell you, the sound of the bolt going into its place, when he locked the door, gave me the heart-ache"—a volume in a sentence.

As there is no dearer place than home, so there is no malady equal to homesickness, and for which there seems to be no panacea. We should strive to make homes for ourselves, and so, then, with sunshine and happiness that we shall always want to cling to them.

And when we are about to lay our burdens down, to have the cross removed from our shoulders, the tired hands clasped over the weary breast, is it not sweet to know that we shall have rest, and far sweeter to know we are going home, where parting shall be unknown, where we no more shall be buffeted about by strife and turmoil? Then let us so live, that, when we feel death approaching, he will have no terrors for us, for we shall know "we're going home to die no more."

F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

As a Presidential Candidate.

For many years I have refused to be a candidate for President.

I have at last consented.

Yielding to the repeated solicitations, and the unanimously universal calls of my brother-in-law, I put my card last week in the *Micropolis Disturber* (weekly), and it reads thus:

"FOR PRESIDENT, IN 1876,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.
(Signed.) The People of the U. S."

I am the most independent candidate ever discovered since the invention of Presidents.

To make myself safe and doubly sure of election I shall run on all kinds of tickets, no matter what they are. I am a Republican and a Democrat, a Prohibitionist and a non-prohibitionist. I shall be on all sides.

I came out on my own hook and I don't expect to be put out.

Nobody knows how much money I haven't got, and I expect to spend the last dollar of it but what I will be elected with an overwhelming majority or minority—I don't care which, so it is which.

I expect to make the biggest run on record for President. I know all about running. I have run for my life several times, and have very often run for the doctor.

I shall run so fast this time that it would be very bad if another candidate ran against me, for he will be sure to run off the track and upset his chances.

I intend to set immediately to work and canvass the whole of the United States—it will take a good deal of canvas, I admit, more really than all of Barnum's canvas; but I shall not spare any pains or credit to make it a good job. I want it understood that I go in for Reform. I began that trade at home—one of the worst places to reform.

I know that my enemies will circulate a thousand false reports on me which I have been ashamed of ever since, and have lived to repent, but I will deny right here that I ever murdered my great-grandfather's aunt or was ever hung for taking that other fellow's horse, (this last report I have heard frequently); neither was I drowned by a vigilante committee for setting a house afire and burning six children up.

Neither did I serve a life-sentence in the penitentiary for making a little mistake in the matter of a name once on a piece of paper; and on my word and honor as a gentleman and a man of veracity, I was never shot dead for desertion in the United States army. No, sir.

If I ever have died a drunkard's death at any time, it has slipped my mind.

I am able to swear without assistance that to the best of my recollection I never served three terms in the Lunatic Asylum.

Some enthusiastic men have been going

around accusing me of being the honestest man in the country, and I must say that there are some charges against me which I haven't the heart to deny; but when they say I was once a prominent cannibal in the Feejee Islands my blood boils.

I am well aware that every little mean act I ever did in my life will be resurrected, (and most of the big ones, I am sorry to say); but I hope the good people will not believe a word of them; that's what I am anxious about the most—indeed I am very much concerned.

Very soon my voice will be heard all over the United States. I am getting a trumpet made through which I shall speak, and I can say that it will make my lightest thought so loud that it will be heard for miles around.

I shall be the popular candidate of all nationalities. America is my native land, though I was born in England, came into this world in France, started in life in Germany, was brought up as a Scotchman, and knocked down once for an Irishman.

I will be the favorite of the working-classes, for I am proud to say that is the way I got my start; my father was a working man; he left me his hard, honest earnings, and if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't be so well off now.

The rich will support me—or at least I hope they will; they could if they would.

I can depend on the farmers, too. I have depended on one for a good while—too long, he says.

Since my earlier days I have never expected to be a candidate for the Presidency; but the Union must be preserved, and the best man to do it would be difficult to distinguish from me.

I hope my coming out will not prevent the hundred or so other candidates from coming out also, but I would like to get every voter in the land to vote for me first, and then they can vote afterwards for whom they please—that is all I would ask, and each one of my friends can regulate his votes for me.

If I am elected (and I have no earthly doubt of it if every thing turns out right) I shall try and favor all parties and classes.

I shall abolish all jails. There are some people to whom these institutions are obnoxious; I shall remember them. I expect a strong vote in that direction, and nobody shall ever be hung unless he truly thinks that is the only way he can be amused.

I shall maintain the dignity of America, and if George Francis Train is refused a seat in the English House of Lords, I will declare war, and England will be trained in the way she should go anywhere, and she will get severely spanked.

Agents wanted in all parts of the country.

Contributions to the cause can begin to be addressed to
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

STREET CHAT AND HOME TALK.

WAX flowers are now called into requisition to trim the new winter bonnet. The large red roses worn are all of wax.

A new style of collar, said to be intended for gentlemen, is the nearest approach to the kind worn by "end men" in minstrel companies we have seen.

Velvet walking costumes imported this fall are very elegant. They are made something in the redingote style, and the trimming is usually feather and rich lace.

Brown corduroy jackets, made double-breasted with deep collar and revers, will be fashionable next winter. They have no trimming save a double row of large bronze buttons.

Artificial flowers are now used to decorate ball-rooms, parlors and halls on festive occasions. They are cheaper than natural exotics, look quite as well, and have not an oppressive perfume.

A new way of preserving autumn leaves is to iron them fresh with a warm (not hot) iron, on which some spermaceti has been lightly rubbed. This method preserves all the tints to perfection.

In Paris black silk costumes for the house are made with pointed waist and a single trailing skirt. On this and the waist is raised embroidery in orange silk floss representing pineapples and acorns. This new style of trimming dresses is said to be very beautiful and effective.

Ear-rings made of English sovereigns are the latest novelty in jewelry. They hang from the ear from a fine gold chain fastened to the same, and are quite pretty. Necklaces of sovereigns are also introduced, also bracelets of the same, the coins being sewed on a wide band of black velvet.

The present style of wearing the hair is to have a single narrow chataine braid down the back of the head, with two or three short puffs on top, and a crown braid in front. The back hair is still combed up from the nape of the neck, but its bare look is taken away by the chataine braid.

Since the panic has caused the reduction in dry goods, the ladies have been indulging the feminine proclivity of admiring, overhauling, and purchasing cheap goods. It is a noticeable fact that although the money market is tight, and there is a prospect of a hard winter, financially, the stores are unusually crowded, and the ladies appear extremely eager to purchase. The report that there are any cheap goods at any shop is sufficient to draw crowds of women, who, afflicted with the mania of Mrs. Toodles, can not resist the bargain.

Dry goods clerks were never busier than at present. Women throng the stores, captivated with the beautiful articles so greatly reduced; and if they hesitate to buy, they beg samples and snips of the coveted goods to carry home, that their friends may be surprised with the low prices.

The crowds in the dollar-stores, and at the counters of trumpery in our large fancy establishments, show the love of women for purchasing articles because they are cheap. The quantities of imitation jewelry sold, and the discolored, dilapidated ear-rings, brooches, and rubbish of this sort, known as "French," found in the possession of fashionable femininity, exposes their propensity for buying trash.

The sailors that go from house to house with short lengths of smuggled linen, poplins, and spurious broads, find ready customers in women, who purchase for the sake of getting a bargain, and find they have made an investment about as useless as the famous Thompsonian door-plate. Shop windows that display goods marked with their prices are always swarming with women-gazers. Storekeepers well understand beguiling the feminine heart with tempting odds and ends, which fascinate through the plate-glass, and are marked low as decoy ducks to allure the gazers inside. In these times it behoves women with frenzies for cheap goods to consider the labor necessary to earn the dollars they expend in ties, ruffs, and articles "reduced."

Or, better still, dispense with every superfluous thing in the matter of trimmings, and let your own fingers fashion your garments!

How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart. How mournfully swell the chimings of the days that are no more.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. reserved for future orders.—Unusable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not sent or wanted. In all cases, the MSS. must be clearly and legibly written, upon excellent MS. as "copy" type, third, etc. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to edit and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the full page number. A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Unusable MSS. unavailable to us are very worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention. Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

No manuscript reports this week.

P. E. The English call all grain "corn."

HENRY R. Miss Neilson is an Englishwoman.

ZEPA. The steam fire-engine is a patent. There are, indeed, several kinds—all patents.

MISS B. K. We believe dry-goods are destined to a great fall in price—particularly imported fabrics.

WORKER. We can give you no advice but this: if you can not get work at your own price obtain the best wages you can; don't refuse a fair offer.

EMILY GRANT. Grace Greenwood is a married woman, but does not, we believe, live with her husband—Mr. Lippincott. She supports herself wholly by the labor of her pen. It is said, and is a good supposition, that she is not a "low" savages as has been represented.

SORE EYES. If gas-light hurts your eyes, substitute a kerosene lamp, with a ground glass globe. The following is a good eye-wash: half an ounce of rock salt and one ounce of dry sulphate of zinc; immerse in a perfectly clean, covered porcelain vessel with three pints of water until all is dissolved; strain through thick muslin, and add one ounce of rose-water; bottle and cork it tight. To use it, mix one teaspoonful of clear rain-water with one teaspoonful of the prepared eye-water, and bathe the eyes. Wink, frequently. If it hurts too much, add more water; if not enough, make it slightly stronger by adding more eye-water. This is said to be an admirable wash for weak eyes, and one that can not be over-used.

BYRON B. L. The *trapa* is the sea-cucumber or sea-cucumber, salted and dried. It is eaten as a great delicacy by the Chinese; the price given for the finer morsels being forty dollars a pound. It is a native of the East, and forms an important branch of the Chinese trade, and thousands gain their living by collecting it, principally along the eastern coast of China.

OSIA R. The Romans had a law known as the *Lex Orchia*, which limited the number and quality of the dishes at an entertainment. The supper was the leading Roman custom, and the *Lex Orchia* was a law to limit the number of dishes at a dinner, and the number of dishes at a dinner was limited. A law now limiting the number of dishes at an entertainment would excite a howl of vengeance and dismay.

WATERBURY. Having sold your MSS., and it being first published and copyrighted by other parties, your property interest in it ceases. The matter, therefore, can be used by that copyright owner as he pleases, although, in a suit, *in equity*, you might possibly recover for any use of the matter other than what the same was sold for or intended.

ELIA. The word "either" never means "both." We know a very common form of expression is—"On either side of the way," meaning on both sides; and good of both sides. It is a mistake, nevertheless, in correct expression. "Either" is one or the other—not both.

R. R. JR. Terra del Fuego was so called because of the coast fire of the natives which Macleay saw as he sailed through the straits which now bear his name.—As the ships sail it is about 2,000 miles to Liverpool from New York.—The Cunard line of steamers ran through from 10 to 15 years of the JOURNAL.

LEAN KINE. We don't wonder you are one of the lean kind. To be irregular at meals, to eat hot bread, to drink considerable coffee, to consume much tobacco, and to have any other man in New York, is a combination of anti-hygienic practices that would reduce any system to bare muscle and bones. Just reverse the daily order of food and smoke and you'll soon see a change in the adipose tissue.

CASPAR C. We believe the following statement regarding the relative strength of the several steamship lines, is correct: the *Cunard line* has 10 steamships, numbers twenty-five, the *Imman* fourteen, the *Anchor* thirty-eight, the *White Star* six, the *French* five, *National* eight, *Williams* six, *Guinness* seven, and *State* line six. It will be seen that the *Anchor* line, one of the youngest, is now the largest. The *Cunard* is the oldest, having been established in 1840.

ALBERT. Lafayette never was "dictator" in France. He was, during two revolutions, a trusted servant of the people, and no name, to-day, is more honored in French history. He visited this country in 1824, landing in New York city (in August), and passed through; visited each of the twenty-four States that then constituted the Union as the "union of the States," and returned home on the frigate *Brandywine*, manned expressly for his accommodation, on September 7, 1825.

D. L. C. All registered letters, under a new arrangement, are soon to be sent in sealed pouches, with the keys kept by the post-masters only, at the places where the letter is sent from and received.

TEA-DRINKER. The total amount of tea consumed yearly in the United States is estimated to be 10,000,000 pounds, divided as follows: 20,000,000 pounds green tea; 10,000,000 pounds of oolong, and the remainder Japanese. The oolong is the black tea of the trade. The green tea comprises all the varieties of the *tyson*, *imperial*, *gunpowder*, etc., etc.

JEWELER. In the year 1601 brooches were worn by men as ornaments to their dress; and not only had the gold and jewels, the lower class of copper and iron. In the matter of jewelry we moderns really have little that is new in nature or style.

SEA-BAGGAGE. The sailors have been discovered to possess the following colors: Venus—a creamy white; Mercury—a sparkling white; Mars—a deep red; Saturn—a dull yellow; and Jupiter white. These colors are due to the fact that the sailors have the well-known Anker-cream, which have one eye blue and the other a very decided yellow.

ORDERLY. One pair of pigs will increase in six years to 19,269, taking the increase at each year, and annum; but a pair of sheep, in the same time, will only have an increase of 64.

L. ANDREWS. The force exerted by the human jaw of a man is estimated as equal to 150 pounds; of a woman, 100 pounds; of animals, such as dogs, wolves, etc., the force is far greater.

ONLY.

BY HENRI MONTCAIM.

Only a path through the heather:
A path with the morning dew still wet,
Sprinkled with daisy and violet:
But 'twas there a youth and maiden met
Once in the springtime weather.

Only a rose half-blown:
A rose half-blown in a maiden's hair:
But his bashful eyes as they saw it there
Sunk beneath to a face more fair
Than ever they had known.

Only a whisper low
As a murmuring brook in its tenderness;
But a whispered word may oft confess
The tale of a new-found happiness,
Such as true lovers know.

Only a summer's delight,
He lightly said, and quickly forgot:
But a maiden came to the self-same spot,
Waiting for one who "cometh not"—
And the day fades into night.

Only a grass-grown mound,
With willows above the lone watch keeping;
But beneath a maiden is softly sleeping,
And a youth with head bowed low is weeping,
While the dead leaves fall around.

RED ARROW.

THE WOLF DEMON;
OR,
The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND," "RED MAZEPPE," "AGE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OFFER OF THE SHAWNEE CHIEF.

Boone and the chief of the Shawnees were alone together in the Indian wigwam.

The white man wondered why the Indian had dismissed his warriors. He guessed that the chief had probably something to say to him privately, and which he did not wish the others to hear; but of the nature of that communication he could not form the least idea.

Ke-ne-ha-ha surveyed the prisoner for a moment in silence.

The dim light of the fire illuminated the interior of the wigwam, so that each could plainly distinguish the face of the other.

At length the chief spoke.

"The pale-face is a great warrior in his nation," many red chiefs have fallen by his hand."

"Yes, but it was in fair fight, man to man," replied the scout.

"The squaws of the slain braves mourn their loss—they call upon the chief of the Shawnees to give them the blood of the white-skin who has stained his hand red with the blood of the Shawnee. The tears of the widowed wives fall thick upon the ground. The heart of Ke-ne-ha-ha is sad when he thinks of the brave warriors that the pale-face has sent to the happy hunting-grounds. Why should not the Long Rifle die by the hand of the red-man?"

"What on earth is the use of asking such foolish questions?" cried Boone, impatiently. "You know very well that you're going to put an end to me, if you can. As for the blood that I've shed of your nation, I've always struck in self-defense. If any of your warriors feel aggrieved, I'm ready to meet 'em—even two to one—and give 'em all the satisfaction that they want."

Ke-ne-ha-ha looked at the white keenly as he uttered the bold defiance.

"Ugh! When the hunters catch the bear they do not let him go free again, nor do they let the Long Rifle go free now that they have caught him. The red chiefs will punish the warrior who has killed their brothers, without risking their lives against him. The fire is burning now before the council-lodge of the Shawnee. When it burns to-morrow the white hunter will be in its center, and the angry flames shall lap up his blood. The ashes of the Long Rifle alone shall remain to tell of the vengeance of the red chiefs." The Indian still looked with searching eyes into the face of the prisoner as he told of the manner of his death.

But if the Shawnee chief expected to see there the signs of fear, he was disappointed, for the iron-like muscles of Boone's face never moved.

"Why in thunder do you want to tell a fellow that he's a-goin to be roasted?" asked Boone, coolly. "Won't it be time enough for me to find out when you tie me to the stake, and I see the smoke a-rising around me?"

The Indian was evidently annoyed that his words had not made more impression upon the scout.

"The white skin does not fear death, then?" the chief asked.

"Yes, I do," answered Boone. "I fear it like thunder, but I'm not a loose one, and I see how I'll run from it. Lightning will be a fool to my heels."

The joking manner of the scout puzzled the red warrior. He knitted his brows for a moment, as if in deep thought. Then again he spoke.

"The white chief is a great warrior. What would he give to escape the fire-death of the Shawnees?"

Boone couldn't exactly understand the meaning of the chief's words, though the question that he asked seemed plain enough.

"Well, chief," Boone said, after pausing for a moment, as if deliberating upon his answer, "life is sweet; a man would give almost anything for life. But the question with me now is, what can I give?"

"Yourself," said the chief, laconically.

"Eh?" Boone could not understand.

"The white chief is a great brave; he has put to death many great chiefs. If he will become a son of the Shawnee nation, the warriors will forget what he has done, and will look forward to what he will do."

Boone was considerably astonished at the words of the chief, although this was not the first time in the course of his eventful life that the Indians had endeavored to get him to join with them.

"Become a Shawnee, eh?"

"Yes," answered the chief.

"Then the Shawnees will not burn me?"

"No."

"But if I refuse?"

"To-morrow's sun will rise upon your death."

"If I become one of your tribe, what am I expected to do?"

"Take the war-path with the Shawnee braves against the white-skins," answered the chief.

"That is, betwixt the men who speak my tongue—who are my brothers—into the hands of your people?"

"Yes," replied the chief; "my brother speaks with a straight tongue."

"I'll see you hanged first!" muttered Boone, indignantly, to himself, but he was careful not to let the speech reach the ears of the Indian. He fully understood the dangerous position that fate had placed him in, and the thought flashed through his mind that if he could deceive the savages by pretending to accept their offer, he might delay his execution—gain time, and possibly, through some lucky chance, contrive to effect his escape.

Boone had been fully as near to death before,

and yet escaped to tell of it. He did not despair even now, though a prisoner in the midst of the great Shawnee tribe.

"How long will you give me to think over this proposal that you make me?" Boone asked. "You know a man can't change his country and his color as easily as to pull off a coat and put on a hunting-shirt."

The Indian thought for a moment over the question of the scout. Bound securely as he was, surrounded, too, by the Shawnee warriors, escape was impossible. There was little danger in delaying the sentence of the white-skin.

"Will until to-morrow suit my brother?" asked the chief.

"To-morrow," said Boone; then to his mind came the thought that, before that morning came, something might transpire to aid him to escape. "Well, until to-morrow will do, though it's a mighty short time for a man to make up his mind on such a ticklish question as this is."

"To-morrow then my brother will say whether he will become a Shawnee or be burnt at the stake to appease the unquiet souls of the brave warriors that his hand has sent to the happy hunting-grounds?"

"Yes," answered Boone, "to-morrow you shall have my answer." But, even as he spoke, in his heart he prayed that some lucky accident might aid him ere the night was over.

"It is good," replied the chief, gravely. "Let my brother open his ears. The chief of the Shawnees would talk more."

"Go ahead, chief," said Boone, who wondered what was coming next.

"My brother is a great warrior; he has fought the Shawnees many times—fought also the Mingoes, the Delawares and the Wyandots. Many a red chief has leveled his rifle full at the heart of the white brave, but the bullet was turned aside by the 'medicine' of my brother. Is the chief a medicine-man?"

Boone understood the superstition of the Indians. He saw, too, that possibly he might use the belief of being invulnerable against rifle-balls to aid him in this desperate strait.

"The chief will be silent if I speak?" Boone asked, mysteriously.

"The heart of Ke-ne-ha-ha is like the pools

fashion to her. She implored me to take her back to the settlement and promised all sorts of rewards."

"She'll be quite ready then to look upon me in the light of a deliverer, I suppose," said Murdock, a smile lighting up his sallow features.

"All you've got to do is to go in and win," said Bob, with a grin.

"That is just what I intend to do," replied Murdock, enjoying his triumph in anticipation.

"By the way, are they making any row in the settlement over the girl's disappearance?" asked Benton, carelessly.

"Yes, all the settlers have been scouring the forest since last night when her absence was discovered," answered Murdock.

"And her father—the old General—what does he say about it?"

"He is nearly crazy over the disappearance of his daughter. I nearly felt pity for the old man, but I consoled myself by thinking how great his joy would be when I brought his daughter back to him, and how glad he would be to receive as his son-in-law the man who, at the peril of his life, rescued her from the murdering red-skins."

Murdock smiled grimly as he spoke.

"Well, dog my cats if it ain't as good as a show," said Bob, with a laugh all over his huge, ugly face, at the idea. "I shall have to be 'round to witness the interesting meeting."

"Yes; you must make yourself scarce as soon as I take the girl off, for you'll have the whole country on your trail. Of course I shall have to describe where I found her."

"But, s'pose they do come after us, how kin we kiver up the trail?" asked Bob.

"Oh, easy enough," replied Murdock; "the moment you strike the trail on the other bank of the Kanawha, who can tell whether you go up or down? There's too many fresh marks on it for any one to be able to pick out ours."

"There isn't any danger," said Benton, calmly.

"Well, I'm glad of that, for I don't like any more danger than I've got to scratch through," observed Bob, and to do him justice he spoke the truth. Bob's reputation for bravery was not particularly good among the settlers of Point Pleasant.

"I hope so; you had better wait till I get out of sight with the girl; then make your way back to the settlement," said Murdock.

"All right," replied Bob, while Benton silently nodded his head.

Then Murdock left the two and took a circle through the wood which would bring him to the back of the cabin.

Bob watched Murdock until he was out of sight; then he turned, abruptly, to Benton.

"Say, got any more corn-juice?" he asked.

"No," replied Benton, in a surly way.

"That's a pity," said Bob, reflectively.

"What did you want to go and drink it all up for?" asked Benton, indignantly.

Benton that morning had produced a large flask of whisky, and left it with Bob while he went off to shoot a squirrel for breakfast. On his return he found that Bob had drunk up the entire contents of the flask and was in a drunken slumber. He had just awakened out of it when Murdock came.

"It was 'tarnal good corn-juice," said Bob, smacking his lips at the remembrance.

"Well, you didn't leave any for me to taste, so I don't know whether it was or not," said Benton, in ill-humor.

"You didn't come back, an' I make a pint never to let whisky spill when I'm 'round to drink it up," explained Bob.

"The next time you get any of my whisky to drink, I reckon you'll know it," said Benton, significantly.

"Well, you needn't get riled at a feller," replied Bob.

From where the two stood they commanded a view of the cabin. Their astonishment was great when they beheld Murdock come from behind the cabin in evident agitation. He stopped before the door of the log-house, which was fastened on the outside by a rude bar—Murdock's device to prevent the escape of the prisoner. Then he beckoned for the two to come to him.

Astonished, they obeyed the gesture. Evidently something was the matter.

"Who saw the girl this morning?" demanded Murdock, when they approached.

"I did," responded Benton.

"At what time?"

"Just after sunrise."



"Hullo! who's this, eh? Hain't been gettin' a husband since I've been away have you?"

of the Scioto—cast a stone into them, it sinks to the bottom and remains there. So shall the words of my brother sink into my heart."

"I am a medicine-man."

"And bullet can not harm my brother?"

"No," said Boone, impressively; "not if I keep out of its way," he added, to himself.

The Indian looked at Boone for a moment in silence; a slight expression of awe was in his face. Then the chief came nearer to the old scout, and in a solemn tone, spoke:

"Has the white-skin ever heard of the Wolf Demon of the Shawnees?"

"Yes," answered the scout, somewhat surprised at the question.

"The Wolf Demon is the scourge of the Shawnee tribe. Many brave warriors have fallen by the tomahawk of the monster, and on their breasts he leaves his totem—a Red Arrow. Ke-ne-ha-ha is the great chief of the Shawnee nation; scalps hang thick in the smoke of his wigwam; he is not afraid of man or demon. But the scourge of the Shawnees fears to meet a warrior unless he is alone in the forest. Ke-ne-ha-ha has sought for the Wolf Demon, but he can not find him. The red chief would kill the monster that uses the totem of the Red Arrow. If my brother is a medicine-man, can he not tell me where I may find the Wolf Demon?"

"I can not," answered Boone.

The chief looked disappointed.

"The red-man is sorry. He will see his brother in the morning." Then the chief stalked, moodily, from the lodge.

For an hour or more Boone remained in silence. The fire in the center of the lodge burnt out and darkness surrounded the scout.

Then to the keen ear of the woodman came the sound of a knife cutting through the skins that formed the walls of the wigwam.

A few minutes more and Boone, despite the gloom of the wigwam, could see that a dark form stood by his side.

The scout knew in an instant that it was a friend. He thought it either Lark or Kenton that had so aptly come to his assistance.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

On the morning following the day on which the young stranger, Harvey Winthrop, had been shot down in the little ravine by the Kanawha river, and Virginia was carried off by the villainous tools of Clement Murdock, to the lonely cabin on the other bank of the stream to that on which the settlement of Point Pleasant was located, Murdock again stood before the cabin, still wearing his Indian disguises.

"How does the girl bear it?" Murdock asked, on joining the others. The three stood within the wood just beyond the little clearing.

"Oh, well enough," answered Benton. "I took her in some breakfast this morning. She's been crying all night, I reckon. I spoke Injun-

"Did they discover the body of the young man that you knocked over with your rifle?" asked Benton.

"No," replied Murdock, and a slight bit of uneasiness was plainly perceptible in his tone.

"No," said Benton, astonished.

"No," again said Murdock, "and I am somewhat puzzled to account for it too. The searching parties must have passed through the ravine, it is so near the settlement. I can not understand it at all. I am sure that he was dead when we left him. You examined him, Bob. Did he show any signs of life?"

"Nary sign," replied Bob, attentively. But Bob's examination of the body of the man who had fallen by the bullet of Murdock's rifle, had been but a slight one, and Bob was not likely to be a very close observer or be able to decide between life and death in a doubtful case.

"I can not understand it," said Murdock, absently. He was indeed sorely puzzled by the strange circumstance. The thought had occurred to him that, possibly, the shot that he had aimed with such deadly intent at the heart of his rival might have failed to accomplish the death of the young stranger. Perhaps his rival still lived and might attempt to wrest from him the prize that he had toiled so to gain. The thought was wormwood to him, yet he had brooded over it all the way through the forest, thought of little else from the time he left the settlement at Point Pleasant till he stood before the lonely cabin by the Kanawha. "He may have escaped death, but yet I do not see how it can possibly be. I am sure I hit him fairly, and I do not often have to fire twice at one mark."

"Why, that ain't a doubt but what he's gone under," cried Bob.

"But do not understand how it is that the settlers in searching for the girl did not come upon his body," said Murdock.

"It is strange," observed Benton.

"Just as easy as rollin' off a log," said Bob.

"What is?" questioned Murdock.

"The reason why they didn't find him."

"Is there a reason?"

"Of course," replied Bob, confidently. "Didn't you tumble him over just before nightfall?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you s'pose the wolves would let him lay there all night? No, sir."

"The wolves, possibly, may have made away with the body, but yet the bones would remain," Murdock said, thoughtfully.

"Why, no," said Bob, "the wolves would naturally drag the body off into the woods and the bones would be left there."

Murdock breathed easier after this possible solution of the mystery. He had had a dreadful suspicion that he might see again in the flesh the man whose life he had tried to take.

Now, to put my plan in execution," Murdock said. "I shall enter the cabin by the hole in the ground at the back of the shanty, and represent to the girl that, at the peril of my life, I have come to save her."

"Oh, it will work easy enough," said Bob.

"And you have watched the cabin since then?"

"No, I was off in the woods for a little while."

"But you remained," Murdock said, turning to Bob; "you watched the cabin in his absence?"

"Of course I did," responded Bob, stoutly. "I never took my eyes off of it." Considering that he had been fast asleep for about two hours, of which time Benton had been away, Bob told his story with a good grace.

"I can not understand it," muttered Murdock, an angry cloud upon his brow. "The door is secure, the log behind, just as I left it."

"Why, what's the matter, Clem?" asked Bob, who saw plainly that something had gone wrong, though what it was, he could not guess.

"Look for yourselves," cried Murdock, angrily, throwing open the door of the cabin as he spoke.

Eagerly the two looked in.

The cabin was empty! The girl was gone!

With blank faces the three looked at each other.

The girl had been spirited out of their hands by some means, but how, they could not tell. There was no possible solution to this mystery. No way by which the girl could escape, and yet she was gone. Vanished without leaving a trace of the manner of her escape. Murdock was beaten, but how or by whom he could not even guess.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RENEGADE'S DAUGHTER.

By the northern bank of the Kanawha, some five miles from the settlement of Point Pleasant, stood a lonely cabin. A little clearing surrounded it.

The cabin was situated about half a mile from the broad trail leading from Point Pleasant to the Virginia settlements.

A narrow foot-path led from the broad trail to the lonely cabin, but so little was it used and so dense had grown the weeds and rank grass of the forest about it, that it would almost have required the practiced eye of the savage, or his rival in woodcraft, the white borderer, to have discovered the existence of the path.

The cabin itself, though situated far from the line of civilization, showed evident signs of human occupation.

The wild vines of the forest, transplanted from their native fastness, twined and bloomed about the rough logs that formed the walls of the cabin. And with the wild children of the wood grew red and white roses, the floral gems that art had plucked from nature.

A little garden patch, that showed plainly the traces of careful tending, was on the further side of the cabin and extended down near to the bank of the Kanawha.

This lonely cabin, far off in the wild woods, remote from civilization, was the home of the strange, wayward girl, whom the settlers at

Point Pleasant called Kanawha Kate, and whom the red chiefs, in their fanciful way, termed the "Queen of the Kanawha."

In the interior of the lonely cabin a strange scene presented itself to view.

On a rude couch of deer-skins lay a man. He was moaning, helplessly, as if in great pain.

The shirt that covered his manly breast was stained with blood.

From the position in which the wounded man lay—on his side, with his face buried in the folds of the deer-skin—his features were concealed from view, yet from the pallor of the little part of his face that was visible, it was evident that the man had been stricken high to death.

By the side of the suffering man knelt the brown-cheeked beauty, Kanawha Kate.

Anxiously she bent over the stricken man. A little cup of the muddy water from the Kanawha was by her side, and with her hands, wet with the discolored drops, she bathed the feverish temples of the wounded man.

Tender as a mother nursing her first-born, the girl loved the hot of flesh.

As the cooling touch of the wet, brown hand passed softly over his temples, it seemed to ease the pain that racked the muscular limbs.

The rigid lines of the face, distorted by the agony of pain, grew soft. The moans of anguish were stilled. The simple treatment of the girl was relieving the torture felt by the stranger.

Eagerly the girl watched the face, and smiled when she saw the muscles relax and the painful breathing become low and regular.

"He will not die!" she cried, in joy, but barely speaking above a whisper, for fear of disturbing her patient.

"He will live and owe that life to me. Oh! what joy in the thought!" Then in a few moments she remained silent, watching the pale face before her with many a long, loving look.

Few of the settlers at Point Pleasant who had seen Kanawha Kate roaming the forest, rifle in hand—as good a woodman as any one among them—would have guessed that, within the heart of the forest-queen was a world of tenderness and love.

They had seen her bring down the brown deer with a single shot, wing an eagle in his airy circle in the sky and bring the kindly bird tumbling to earth; had seen her when the Ohio, lashed into white, crested waves by the mad winds, bid defiance to the boldest boatman to dare to cross it, launch her dug-out and fearlessly commit herself to the mercy of the dashing waters.

How could they guess that with the dauntless courage of a lion, she also possessed the tender and loving heart of a woman? But so it was.

"It was Heaven that sent me to his aid," she murmured, gazing fondly on the white face.

"How beautiful he is; how unlike the rough fellows in yonder settlement," and the girl's lip curled contemptuously as she spoke.

"He is a king to them. Oh! what would I not give to win his love; but that thought is folly. I am despised by all; but no, there is one who speaks fairly to and thinks kindly of me—Virginia Treveling. She has a noble heart. She is the only one in yonder settlement who has not treated me with scorn, and yet fate has decreed that we shall stand in each other's way." Mournful was the voice of the girl as the words came from her lips; sorrowful was the look upon her face.

"It is a hopeless passion that I am nourishing in my heart. I must not love him, for I can never hope to win a return of that love."

Sadly she looked upon the wounded man.

A footfall outside the cabin attracted her attention. Quickly she bounded to her feet and seized the rifle that hung over the rude fireplace. Then she stood still and listened.

"Who can it be that seeks the home of the outcast girl?" she murmured, as with eager ears, every sense on the alert, she listened.

"Can it be one of the settlers from Point Pleasant? No; but few of them know of my dwelling-place, and fewer still would care to seek it. Is it a red-skin? No; I would not have heard his footfall if he comes in malice."

Then the girl heard the sound of footsteps approaching the house.

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl suddenly, as a thought flashed through her mind; "perhaps it is his foes coming to seek him," and her glance was on the wounded man as she spoke.

"If so, they had better have sought the den of the wolf, or the nest of the rattlesnake than my cabin. They must kill me before they shall harm him."

Hardly had the speech come from her lips when a bold knock sounded on the door.

"Who is there?" cried Kate.

The door—a heavy one, braced strongly—was barred on the inside, and was fully stout enough to defy the strength of a dozen men, let alone one.

"Open and you will see," responded a hoarse voice.

The girl started when the tones fell upon her ear.

"Can it be he?" she muttered, and wonder was in her voice.

"Why don't you answer, gal?" exclaimed the voice of the stranger. "Don't you know me, or have you forgotten your own flesh and blood?"

"It is my father," she murmured, but there was little love in the tones.

Then, without further parley she unbarred the door. It swung back slowly on its rusty hinges and a tall, powerful-built man, clad in a deer-skin garb fashioned after the Indian style, entered the room.

The stranger was the same man whom we have seen in the Shawnee village, Girty's companion, by name David Kendrick.

He, too, like Girty, was execrated by the settlers. An adopted son of the great Shawnee nation, with his red brothers he had stained his hands in the blood of the men whose skins were white like his own.

There was little love expressed

"Don't get your back up; I only suggested it. You've got the temper of an angel, you have. If you ever do get a husband, you'll comb his hair with a three-legged stool, I reckon, whether his skin is white or red."

The girl made no reply, but turned away her head with a look of scorn.

"Seein' as how I was round the clearing, I thought I'd call in and see how you was. I didn't expect to find the old cabin turned into a hospital."

"Would you have had me leave this poor fellow to die in the wood, like a dog?" asked the girl, spitefully.

"Life ain't worth much, anyway," said the renegade, contemptuously. "One man ain't missed in this hyer big world."

"What brings you so near the station?" asked Kate.

"Ain't it natural that a white man should want to see some of his own color, once in a while?" asked Kendrick, with a grin.

"Your color!" said the girl, in scorn; "though your face is white yet your heart is red! Yes, as red as your hand has been with blood. In yonder settlement they call you the white Indian, and they would tear you to pieces if they could get their hands upon you—show you as little mercy as they would show a wolf."

"That's true, gal, true as preachin'; but do you know the hate's all on one side? I reckon not," and the renegade laughed discordantly. "I've seen many a white man dance while the red flames were burning his life away, and I've laughed at the sight."

"And the guilt and shame that belongs to you clings to me also. I am your daughter, and that I am so is a curse upon my life. It has made me an outcast—forced me to seek a home far from the bounds of civilization. It has deeded all the good in my nature. It is a wonder that I am not thoroughly bad, for all that I think me so." The tone in which the girl spoke showed plainly how deeply she felt the cruel truth.

"Inside of a month the settlers at Point Pleasant won't jeer at you," said Kendrick, meaningly.

"What will keep them from it?" asked Kate, in wonder.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha and his Shawnees. There's a hurricane coming, gal, and Point Pleasant will be the first to feel it. Let 'em laugh now; they'll cry tears of blood soon."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 190.)

Ytol:

Lost, Wedded, Widowed and Rewon.

A STORY OF TRIALS AND BALMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "STRAINING A HEART," "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "FRAIL OF PEASANTS," "HERULES, THE HUNDREDS," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

Ytol ACCEPTS.

"The bar of rank was trampled down, I stooped and raised her to my crown."

—COOK.

"Oh! the fierce sickness of the soul—to see Love bought and sold!"

—BULWER.

"Give me but thy heart, though cold; I ask no more."

—CORNWALL.

Ytol sprung to her feet with the assistance of Lord Somers; but she sank before the staring eyes that looked in from the doorway. The Englishman calmly surveyed them.

"Yes," he said, as if in answer to Mrs. Layworth's exclamation, "I am here."

"You are very considerate, my lord, to perpetrate this scandal beneath my roof," sneered Mrs. Layworth, ironically.

"All of which I can explain."

"Oh, no doubt—Begone!" the last to the servants.

"Oh, Mrs. Layworth!" cried Ytol, advancing with crimsoned cheeks, "believe me, if Lord Somers had not come to my aid when he did, I should have been killed."

"Indeed?"

And Ione echoed:

"That frightful thing, which you yourself have seen, was here in my room. It had me helpless in its terrible arms, when Lord Somers saved me. I feel that I owe him my life. Won't you believe me?"

"A likely story. Ha! ha! ha!"

"And a true one," emphasized Somers, whose brow was dark as a thunder-cloud. "I regret, madam, that one dare not be a champion for a lady distressed, in your house, without incurring unjust suspicion. I might explain still further, in detail, to your satisfaction; under the circumstances I shall not."

Turning to Ytol he whispered:

"Do not fear. It is in your power to save both your name and mine. I shall leave here immediately. I give you till daybreak to make up your mind. Marry me and all will be well."

He pressed her hand; then with a firm, dignified step, he walked from the room, his gray eyes hard and sternly bent upon the mother and daughter.

Without speaking to Ytol—whose drooping, trembling form scarce stood there, with the Englishman's words dwelling in her ears—Mrs. Layworth and Ione withdrew. The door was not locked this time.

"I hope you are convinced, mother?"

"Come, my child," hurrying along the hall; "it is sufficient. But that shot?—what could it have meant?"

"A mere effort at cloaking the true character of the tableau. You say Ytol's door was locked?"

"By my own hands. You must have seen me turn the key."

"Lord Somers, then, entered by the window, for a *tele-a-lete* with his charmer. His sudden appearance frightened her—she screamed—she fainted. He heard us coming; he fired the pistol—I know he carries one—then invoked her to endorse the lie with which he would endeavor to escape disgrace. All is very plain to me."

"And to me. I would not have you wed Lord Somers, now."

In the lower entry Somers beckoned the porter to him.

"I want you to send to the city," he said, slipping a sovereign into his hand, "and get me a cab."

"Yes, m' lord."

"Have it here by daybreak—promptly. Do you understand?"

"Yes, m' lord; you shall 'ave it."

Having attended to this, he retired to his apartments, and packed his trunk. He did not lie down that night, but lighted a cigar and trod the carpet thoughtfully—apparently cool, not varying from his accustomed nonchalance of mien. Underneath the collected exterior, however, he was angered and worried.

With the first gray of dawn he descended to the parlor. The cab was just coming in at the gate, and he noticed it with satisfaction.

Touching the bell he requested a servant to inform Miss Lyn that he desired to see her in the parlor.

After a short absence, the messenger returned with:

"She'll be down in a minute, m' lord."

A feeling of pleasure thrilled him. The fact of her agreeable reply promised well for his hopes.

When the young girl entered he was surprised at the change that was visible in her. The blue eyes were bright, the cheeks were rosy, there was a resolute mold in the sweet face, and her voice, when she spoke, was strangely firm.

"You see," she said, with a gesture, "I obey."

"And it tells me that you have decided in my favor."

"Upon conditions—yes."

"Name them."

"Do you assure me that there is nothing binding between you and Ione Layworth?"

"I do."

"Another thing: are you willing to take me, knowing what I am, and not who I am?—without my being able to indicate who were my parents—ah! you start."

"Go on—say it all."

"With the possibility of my being the offspring of some miserable pair, whose record may be stained with crime, the revival of which would make you blush."

"Impossible! This can not be."

"I have not asserted that it is so—yet it is possible, for I know not otherwise."

"I had not dreamed such a thing."

"You had no cause. You see, now, my lord, you have done too much in blindness. As I told you at the lake, you would not wed with such as I am."

Ytol was talking plainly, bitterly. She seemed altered completely; something, some powerful influence was working within her as she put the tests.

"You are mistaken," he interrupted, quickly, stepping to her side; "I love you. I want to possess you. Tell me, am I to have you?"

"You have weighed this well?"

"Yes—all."

Only for a second did she hesitate.

"Then I accept. Here is my token."

She extended her hand; he clasped it—he drew her to him, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. But there was no responsive pressure there; the embrace was cold and formal.

"The cab is at the door, Ytol; make haste."

"My trunk is ready; I picked it last night. I intended leaving Wilde Manor whether you or not. The sooner we are off the better."

Somers half-paused. It was so utterly unlike her previous manner toward him, yet so markedly strained, that he could not fail to notice it. But he had won her. For the present he was satisfied.

The trunks were brought down and strapped onto the waiting vehicle; soon they were ready.

"Where is Mrs. Layworth?" he asked of the sleepy porter, who was just getting lazily to his post.

"She 'asn't come down yet, m' lord."

"Then I will not be able to see her. Inform her that I am gone."

They entered the cab and were driven rapidly away; and the porter, thoroughly awakened now, stared gazingly after them.

"What's up, I say?—m' lord Somers an' t' governess a-goin' away—with their baggage. What's int'il't, now, I wonder?"

Ytol gave one glance back at the fading house, whispered an adieu to Wilde Manor; when her soul grew rigid with the mask it wore.

Did she realize what she was doing? There was not one particle of affection in her heart for the man she was about to marry. Her action was the impulse of despair, her spur the stern force of necessity.

We see it every day around us; lonely ones accepting the seeming possibility of relief from woe, which marriage holds out to them—to find, alas, that it is but a phantom, which only leads the aching spirit to a deeper gloom, and wraps the mantle of a double misery round the shattered being.

As they rattled over the road, another cab passed them, going toward the Manor. In it were two men.

And there were others riding swiftly for Liverpool, in the first glow of the morning. The second cab had hardly passed in through the gate when a man and woman on horseback came thundering by.

Dwila St. Jean and the Dwarf!

They were in hot pursuit.

The departure of Somers and Ytol had not been unnoticed. Ione, standing at her bedroom window, saw the conveyance drive off. She ground her white teeth in rage, and a dire exclamation burst from her lips.

With starting, straining eyes, she watched after them, and her bosom heaved in a tumult of emotion.

Mrs. Layworth was apprised of visitors in the parlor, as soon as she descended the stairs.

She saw there two strangers.

Paul Faerot and Hoyle Yarik!

"Good-morning, madam," spoke the first.

"We are here on important business. Hope we did not disturb you?"

"Oh, no; what is it?"

"We are in search of a young girl named Ytol Lyn."

She started; but it was not perceptible.

"Her true name is Dufour, and she is greatly interested in the will of the late David Dane, an American, who was a diamond merchant in London. We were on her track in the United States, and traced her to Cape May. At that point, she was abducted by enemies. We got information of it, and pursued them in a yacht. A storm came up, destroying the craft we were in chase of; and the next day, we saved one of the crew, whose name was Wharrie Dufour, and who is a cousin of the girl we are in search of. We ascertained that Ytol was picked up by a steamer bound for Liverpool, and finally followed the clue to the Queen's Hotel."

"Quite a romance!" broke in Mrs. Layworth, with affected interest.

"Yes. From the Queen's Hotel, we received information that led us to suspect that you knew."

"That I knew?"

"Where she was. Or, probably, she is now in your house?"

"I am sorry you have had your hunt for nothing," she quietly replied. "Ytol—as you call her—is not here."

Faerot looked blank.

"But she has been here, madam?"

"Yes—and left this morning."

"Can you tell us the probable direction she took?"

"I haven't the most remote idea."

Mrs. Layworth could not, or would not give them any hint as to Ytol's course, and they departed at once.

When the disappointed Faerot sunk despondingly back amid the cushions of the cab, and ordered the driver back to Liverpool, Yarik pulled his sleeve, and glanced, with a grin, into his face.

"What is it, Yarik?"

"Do you know who you've been a-talkin' to?" he asked, queerly.

"No—who?"

"Why, that 'ere's little Ytol's aunt."

"The deuce!"

"Fact. An' I can tell you somethin' about this here affair 'at you don't know yet."

"What is it?"

"Well, it's somewhat of a hist'ry."

"Let's have it. We've time before we reach the city."

"I'll jest kinder give you a s'opsis, as they say on the play-bills," and Hoyle Yarik's face assumed a mysterious look, as he bit off a fresh chew of tobacco from his enormous plug.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT IS DONE.

"My very soul seems moldering in my bosom."

—BYRON.

"And cling, in blank despair, from breath to breath, To naught in life."

—MONTGOMERY.

"Take heed! we are passionate; our milk of love Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking!"

—MILMAN.

It was a quiet wedding.

The hotel parlors were closed to all save a few special friends of Lord Somers, whom he notified immediately upon his arrival in London, with Ytol.

At Ytol's request, they were not married in church, and the Englishman did not consider his own bachelor residence of sufficient elegance in which to display his bride.

Hence a series of orders to his valet, to prepare the dwelling ere their return from a brief tour.

The occasion, withal the number present was limited, was brilliant and impressive.

The room was ablaze with tapers and gas-jets; festooned, and wreathed with flowers breathing delicious perfume; the carpets covered with white—a picture solemnly beautiful.

Hasty as were the arrangements, Ytol had found time to prepare an elaborate toilet, by the dextrous aid of dressmakers and waiting-maids; and a buzz of admiration went round when she threw back the profusion of veil, discovering a pale but angelic face.

She looked far older than her years—half wrought by the scenes of her unhappiness; some thought that she appeared a little sad, that the deep blue eyes mingled a perceptible weariness in their radiance.

But her voice was calm and full of sweetness, when she uttered the vows of the ceremony, and her cheeks were gradually suffused with color.

Her simulation was perfect. None could detect the mighty effort called up to sustain her in this act so foreign to her desires.

It was over. Congratulations showered on them, and the minister addressed them in a kind charge to those who had embarked in so risky a companionship.

In the adjoining room a bounteous table was spread. Lord Somers, at the side of his wife, presented her with a golden cup of wine, to give the first toast.

Slowly she raised the chalice; for a second, her eyes roamed over the expectant company. Then, in a tone that was slightly tremulous:

"Let us drink to those hollow hearts that know no love!"

Her manner was so earnest—with a tincture of bitterness that could not be concealed—that a silence followed the singular speech.

Somers gazed hard at her, as if trying to reach her thoughts. But he was baffled. Not a muscle twitched upon the lovely face, not a sign to betray the true or passing import of her words.

Ytol tasted the sparkling wine, and quietly set the cup upon the cloth, without observing his scrutiny.

There were a few pleasant remarks and bursts of merriment; but Ytol's bearing, from the moment of the commencing of the bonds, had dampened the prospective ardor.

Within two hours they were whirling toward the depot.

"Was that a health to your own heart, Lady Somers?" inquired her husband, in the gloom of the carriage.

"An unfair question, my lord. I am your wife, and I shall do my duty."

"I would like to know if our future is to be as freezing as this first hour?" he put, short and pointed, influenced by her coldness.

But, Ytol only answered:

"I shall do my duty, with the help of Heaven."

Just one month of wedded life.

What an irksome honeymoon to Ytol!

True, she did not fall in the great obligation which she had taken upon herself; but there were none of those fond caresses, hours of day-dreaming together, and happy mutualities of pleasure, which mark the first few weeks with peculiar joys and posied affection in the cases of happy marriages.

She was meekly submissive, and, with her little knowledge of the necessity, strove hard to please him.

But Somers soon perceived that he was bound to a bosom of ice, whose heart gave no return for all his attentions, save the spiritless thanks of lips that spoke forcedly.

They were coming home now, after a tour which, for others, might have been one of rare enjoyment. And in his soul, he was gloomy to moroseness.

It was, truly, a lovely home: near the outskirts of the city—half-castle, half-retreat; parashady bowers, and pretty winding paths, all exquisite, all infused with a menseful glamour, rich and perfect. A sort of double house—or two houses built as one.

And the adjoining residence had been occupied only lately—of which and whom we shall speak hereafter.

A bright day had dawned for the advent of the couple; my lord's valet had arranged every thing gayly for their reception.

Two of the servants were at the gate to the broad avenue, on the look-out. Soon a little cloud of dust; then the carriage came rolling in, the gaudy equipage glistening in the sunbeams.

"And who's the bride m' Lord Somers 'as got, Mr. Joseph?" interrogated one, as he put on his hat, after waving it, and gazed after the comers.

"Why, nobody knows that. 'Is lordship got 'er nigh Liverpool, do 'ee see, an' they say it was a rise for to make a lady of 'er."

"And they tell me she's a American, Mr. Joseph."

"That's so, too—don't 'ee see, Mr. William, 'e used to live along 'ith the folks at Wilde Manor, by Liverpool, 'an' 'e 'as that she's a governess up there."

"But, I say, how solemnly she looks, Mr. Joseph."

"She does that, too."

The arrival of Lord and Lady Somers was to be the occasion of a brilliant reception—so the Englishman had instructed his valet, by letter, while away.

To please Ytol, it was to be a grand masque, and select invitations were already out.

By nine o'clock the broad salons were thronged with guests, and music, discoursing in a merry strain, filled the house and grounds with delicious murmurs.

The trees were hung grotesquely with colored lanterns, shedding a weird light over the fragrant walks; and couples in dominoes and masks were promenading or dancing ere the call to banquet.

"Lady Somers, where are you going?"

A figure in pink domino and scarlet mask arrested her as she was stepping out from the festive gathering.

"To walk in the garden. I am tired of this scene—for awhile, at least."

"But they are calling for the 'Evening Star' at the organ. You have won countless laurels to-night, and not one guesses right who it is. Won't you return and play?"

"Do be merciful, my lord. Let me escape, if it be but for ten short minutes. I tell you, I am wearied to death."

She passed on, out at the long window, round the piazza, and slowly took her way along one of the darker paths, removing the heated mask from her face, and gasping at the fresh, well come air.

She did, indeed, wish to flee from the garish whirlpool that surrounded her. It was a scene in which she had no heart, to which her spirit was a sacrifice, and only felt more weightily the trying position she occupied.

Suddenly she started, and paused short. A form sprung out from behind a tree directly in front of her. It wore no disguise, it approached her with quick strides.

"Ytol!" called a well-remembered voice.

In an instant this figure was by her. For a second she stared incredulously.

"Ytol! have you forgotten me?"

"Wharrie! Wharrie Dufour!" she cried, huskily.

"Yes!—yes! it is Wharrie. Oh, Ytol! what have you done?"

She was swaying dizzily—she was falling. A sense of weakness, helplessness—combined with such an agony as she had never felt before—came over her.

She staggered a step, and was sinking to the earth, when his arms outstretched and caught her.

Ytol had hardly left the parlors when a female, in the character of "Eve," plucked Lord Somers by the sleeve.

"My lord!"

"Oh! 'Pon my soul you are mistaken."

"Oh! It is no time for fooleries. Come with me; I have a sight for your eyes—one that will tell its own tale."

"What mean you?" he asked, throwing off the disguise of his voice.

"It is a love scene, in which your wife figures."

"Woman!"

"Nay, see for yourself. Come—come."

Obedient an impulse, he followed her. Out into the garden of glimmering lights, rustling over the grass, beneath the trees; then they halted.

"See there!" whispered his companion, with her lips close to his ear.

Somers clenched his fists and breathed a terrible curse. For he saw the "Evening Star"—his wife—in the arms of a stranger.

He would have dashed forward to throttle this intruder; but he was held back.

"Stay! It is better to wait."

"Wait! when I am being thus outraged?"

"Yes—wait; and punish her."

It was a hard struggle with the fierce eddies of rage; then, drawing a deep, choking breath, he watched and waited.

"Tell me who you are?" he hissed, turning to where the mask hid stood.

But the informer had vanished.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FIRST LIE.

"Forewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust. Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust!"

—HOFFMAN.

"I think my wife is honest, and think is not; I have her own proof."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Ytol, clung, fainting, round the neck of Wharrie Dufour. But his voice aroused her.

"Ytol! look up, darling."

"Wharrie! Wharrie! Oh, Wharrie Dufour! why

LAST REGRETS.

BY JOSEPHINE DARR.

Maiden of the golden tresses,
Why look out with glance so cold?
Once you sweetly smiled upon me,
And you were my cross of gold.
Then you promised true to love me
Better than the world beside;
By the stars that shone above thee,
You would be my bonny bride.

But your promise is forgotten,
And your laugh is bright and gay,
As if ne'er a heart that loved thee,
You had coldly turned away.
Maiden, in your hours of sadness,
Sometimes think of days gone by,
When we wandered folk of gladness
Underneath the starry sky.

Then you told me that you loved me,
And you said beside the stream,
Now I feel the pain of waking
As from some delightful dream.
So farewell, sweet dream of heaven!
Farewell too all grief and pain,
For, sweetest voice still whispering,
Joy will come to me again.

The Man from Texas:

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS.
A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF "MAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY,"
"WOLF," "DICKENS," "THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS," "RED
MAKERS," "AGE OF SPADES," "HEART OF
PIER," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XLII.

MANY THINGS.

In the cool of the evening Foxcroft and Fayette were walking along carelessly down by the levee of Smithville, earnestly engaged in conversation. Yell Ozark and his latest exploits formed the topic of conversation between the two. Foxcroft was seriously uneasy; he trembled lest the outlaw should be captured and reveal the influential friends who had hitherto aided him.

Fayette laughed at the idea.
"Don't worry about that!" he exclaimed. "Whatever Ozark's faults may be, treachery is not one of them. Not to save his neck from the rope would be to betray us."

"Men will do a great many things when in a tight place," Foxcroft replied, dubiously. "A coward at heart himself, he judged all the rest of mankind by his standard."

"There is not the slightest danger. The chances, too, are a hundred to one that Ozark will not be taken alive."

"But do you think that he will be taken at all?" Foxcroft asked.

"Yes, I do," Fayette replied. "In my opinion he has about come to the end of his rope. I warned him that if he got old Gol Adair on his track the swamps wouldn't save him."

"Then the old fellow is after him?"

"Yes; I saw him and Lieutenant Winnie ride into the village just before sundown. The old man was armed, and it was evident from his looks that he meant business. It will be just as well for us, Foxcroft, if Ozark is finished."

He was getting tired with his share of our partnership and inclined to think that we got all the half-pence and he all the kicks. We should have had trouble with him before long. Things are all settling down to a peace basis, and Ozark's only use to us was his skill with his weapons."

"That is very true; for my part, I am glad to get rid of him."

"And now, Foxcroft, I want you to do me a favor," Fayette said, abruptly.

"Certainly; what is it?" and the fat storekeeper looked just a little bit astonished.

"You remember that Ozark and myself were in search of a box that was hidden in an old cabin, by the edge of the swamp?"

"Yes, do you know that I forgot all about it?" Foxcroft exclaimed. "How did you make out?"

"We found the box without any trouble, but it only contained a few scraps of paper."

"Oh, I see; the overseer got there before you and secured whatever the box contained."

"No, you are wrong there," Fayette rejoined. "For Ozark and myself hid in the swamp until the morning and saw the overseer and the old negro come to the cabin."

"Who do you suppose got at the box?" demanded Foxcroft, evidently astonished.

"I think that the old negro knows something about it," Fayette replied, thoughtfully. "The box only contained a paper which alone concerned the overseer, Ozark and myself. In fact, that statement in part is only guesswork, and it may not concern Ozark and myself at all. Now, I wish that you would call upon old Uncle Snow and see if you can either coax or frighten the ducky into telling whether he did tamper with the box or not."

"I can find out, nearly enough," Foxcroft said. "I suddenly got an idea that I met this Jupiter who left the box and that he told me all about it. Let us turn back and I'll go up to the shanty at once."

The two turned and commenced to retrace their steps.

"By the way, how does the Smith affair come on?" Foxcroft asked.

"The young lady declines, and I shall have to put old Smith through a course of sprouts," Fayette answered, moodily. "There's a chance for you to speculate if you want to buy a plantation cheap. I shall bring it under the hammer as soon as the law will let me."

"I'll think about it."

As the two passed through the main street of the village the overseer rode by them.

Texas evidently had just come from the plantation. As he rode down the street, he met Winnie and Adair coming up.

All three halted and exchanged salutations; then Gol Adair drew off a little to one side, leaving the two friends together.

"Where are you bound?" Winnie asked.

"Running a fox to earth," the overseer replied, carelessly.

"Well, I'm going to do a little in that line myself," the soldier said, with a laugh; "but, what fox are you after?"

"Do you remember what I told you about my father?"

"Yes; he was killed in this neighborhood, and you came after a paper on which he had written the name of his murderer."

"Exactly; well, I found that the paper was concealed in a tin tobacco-box, and the box hidden in an old shanty. I went to the place, got the box, and on opening it found that it only contained the scraps of a letter."

"Some one had been there before you?"

"Yes," Texas replied, "and had taken away what I sought, and left other scraps of paper, evidently thinking to throw me off the track."

"What did you do?" Winnie asked, his curiosity excited.

"I pasted the letter scraps together, and so got a clue to the party that had taken the document I wanted."

"And you are after the party now?"

"Yes; I called at the house on my way up and found that the man was in town."

"Well, good luck to you; though between you and me, Frank, I should never have

thought that you would believe in this southwestern notion of personal vengeance."

"Neither do I," Texas replied, slowly, "but I own I have a strange curiosity to discover who it is that has taken so much pains to baffle my search. But where are you bound?"

"After Ozark," replied Winnie, with a side glance at Gol Adair, who seemed buried in abstraction. "I have telegraphed to General Smith, at Little Rock, for permission to take command of the detachment here and pursue this outlaw. You heard about the killing of the Dutch boy, Pete?" and as he put the question, Winnie sunk his voice almost to a whisper so that Adair should not hear him.

"Yes."

"Adair here loved that boy as if he had been his own son. He has hardly eaten anything since the night when we found Pete in the road, stone dead, with Ozark's buckshot in his brain. Ozark is gone up now, sure, for the old man is as well acquainted with the swamps as he is, and he'll run him night and day till he squares the account."

"There's my man!" exclaimed the overseer, suddenly, as Judge Yell rode down the street. "I'll see you again!" And then Texas spurred off to intercept the old Judge.

At nine o'clock that night the telegraph dispatch came from Little Rock, authorizing Winnie to take command of the detachment of soldiers whom the outlaw had so handsomely whipped, and at ten, Winnie and Gol Adair, with the five soldiers at their heels, were on their way to arrest the desperado.

The change of commanders had had a wonderful effect upon the spirits of the "army," and the five soldiers who had retreated so slyly from the outlaw but a few hours back were now trotting forward briskly to attack him, burning to wipe out the disgrace of their inglorious defeat.

Gol Adair rode on, gloomy and silent, his trusty rifle lying in the hollow of his arm, and his fingers playing mechanically with the lock.

At three o'clock on the next afternoon the detachment suddenly came upon the outlaw on the East road, a mile or so the other side of the county seat.

A light ensued, the result of which was one soldier badly wounded, Ozark dismounted from his mule in hot haste by Gol Adair sending a rifle-ball "plum" through the brute, and forced to take refuge in the swamp by the side of the road, leaving his terrible double-barrel gun as trophy of victory to the conquerors.

"Leave him to me!" cried Gol Adair, as he swung himself out of the saddle, and ramming down a charge into his rifle, prepared to follow the fugitive. "One is as good as twenty in this hilly slush. I'll fetch him!" and then the old hunter dashed into the wilderness, leaving the soldiers to return and tell the story of their victory.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AT LAST!

Texas rode up to the Judge who was mounted on a mule.

"Good-evening, Judge," the overseer said. "Ah, good-evening, Mr. Texas," the Judge remarked, bowing in his usual stately and dignified manner.

"I found a letter belonging to you out near my place," Texas drew the letter from his pocket as he spoke. He had matched the torn scraps together and pasted them on a thin piece of paper.

By the aid of the light which streamed from the window of the saloon near by the Judge examined the letter.

It was simply a note from Bob Howard requesting the Judge to call at his office when he came in town.

The Judge looked puzzled.

"I don't remember ever seeing this," he said, thoughtfully. "I got a verbal message of the same import as this from Howard the other day, but I am certain I never received this note."

"Then Howard must have lost it," Texas observed. "I have a strange curiosity to find out where it did come from. Much obliged, Judge; I'll go after Howard right away."

The overseer proceeded to ride off, and the Judge called out after him:

"You'll find Bob at the General Lee saloon."

Thither the overseer proceeded, and there, as the overseer had said, he found the young lawyer.

Howard remembered the note instantly.

"Oh, yes, I wrote that."

"And did you send it to the Judge?"

"Of course."

"Why, he told me just now that he never received it."

"The deuce he did!" exclaimed Howard in astonishment.

"Yes; he seemed quite positive about it. He said, though, that he remembered receiving a verbal message from you upon the same subject."

"Oh, yes, I remember all about it now!" Howard exclaimed, abruptly. "After I wrote the note and got one of the young nigs to carry it, it suddenly occurred to me that the boy might lose it on the way, so I told him what the contents were. I see; the boy told the Judge I wanted to see him, and did not deliver the note at all."

The overseer began to despair; the clue seemed to be no clue at all.

"The boy probably put the note in his pocket," Howard continued, "and then threw it away sometime when he was out by your place. It was that young imp, Jim Crow."

And then a sudden light flashed upon the bewildered brain of the overseer.

Jim Crow was the grandson of old Uncle Snow! He had been asleep in the upper story of Snow's house on the night when the old negro had revealed where the box was concealed. What was more probable than that he had overheard the conversation, and had robbed the box of its contents?

"Much obliged, Mr. Howard," said the overseer, abruptly, and then he rode rapidly away, leaving Howard in a state of considerable astonishment.

Straight to the house of the old negro, Texas rode.

The door of the shanty was open and Texas rode up; he saw that both the old man and his grandson were within.

Springing from his horse the overseer strode abruptly into the cabin. Drawing a revolver from his belt, he cocked it and leveled the shining tube full at the head of the young black, who no sooner beheld the menace than he went down upon his knees in an agony of terror.

You young whelp, tell me what you did with the paper that you stole from the tin box or I'll drill a hole through your black head!" the overseer cried, sternly.

"Don't shoot, Massa!" howled the boy, in abject terror; "fore de Lord, I'll done tell you all 'bout it!"

"Where is it?" And as Texas spoke he thrust the cold muzzle of the pistol against the boy's temple.

"Up stairs, hid in de raft," cried the boy, with a howl.

"Get it immediately!"

Jim Crow did not wait for a second command, but scrambled up the ladder in a dread-

ful hurry; in a moment he was back with a folded paper, yellow with age.

The boy, with the cunning of his race, had overheard the conversation between his grandfather and the white stranger relative to the box, as already recorded, and falling into the error that there was either money or jewels concealed in it, had stolen forth to possess himself of the treasure; but finding only a written paper in the box, he had taken possession of it—

with what motive he could hardly have told himself, except that he thought it must be of value to some one, and that, at some future time, he might be able to dispose of it. Happening to have Howard's note in his pocket, he had torn it into pieces, and placed them in the box, thinking that one paper was as good as another.

Then, with the natural desire to impress Fayette and Foxcroft with the belief that it was valuable to them, he had told of the hidden box, knowing, too, that it only contained a few worthless scraps of paper.

But the revolver of the overseer, and the abrupt accusation, had been too much for him, and in his fright he had yielded up his ill-gotten treasure.

The overseer put it at once into his pocket without examination.

"Uncle Snow, this young imp will stretch a rope one of these days if he isn't careful!" Texas said, dryly; then he retreated from the house, mounted his horse and rode off toward the Smith plantation. And there, in the silence of his own room, he examined the yellow document that for so many years had been buried under the light.

An expression of profound astonishment appeared upon the face of the overseer as he ascertained the nature of the legal paper which was spread out on the little table before him.

"Well, of all the strange chances in the world!" he muttered, after he had carefully perused the paper. Then he turned it over and examined the back of it. Three short lines traced in a strange-colored ink, now almost faded out, and a signature beneath. Not one man out of a thousand would have guessed that the faint-hued ink was of human blood.

The signature was bold and strong.

"John Cooper, Captain, 3rd Texas, C. S. A."

Three times, at least, the overseer read the almost illegible words over, and then he took up a pen and with a firm hand deliberately blotted out the faint lines.

"There," he murmured, after he had finished and he sat contemplating his work; "the secret is mine and his. It is not possible that he can guess or even suspect that any soul in the world except himself knows aught of the past."

Then the overseer got up, folded the paper carefully and put it in a secret pocket in the breast of his flannel undershirt.

Will Fayette had little idea of the impending blow.

(To be continued—commence in No. 181.)

Treed by Red-skins.

A CAMP-FIRE STORY.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

"Strut up the fire, Wald, then I'll tell you how I was treed by red-skins."

The speaker, Max Hardy, was a true type of the "mountain-man." He was then my guide and companion, on a trip across the mountains, for pleasure and adventure.

After a few preliminary remarks, he commenced as follows:

"Thar war eight o' us camped on Beaver Creek, a fork o' the Yellowstone, and a harder set o' boys would be hard to find. Young Markhead war our leader, and he could hold his own with any man that ever set trap for beaver."

"We had our traps all set, but beaver war not very plenty; so it war decided that Markhead, with five o' the boys, should go on a two days' tramp, lookin' for 'sign.' This left me and one Ned Harris, to stay at the camp, and look after the traps."

"Wal, Ned and I got 'long all right, till the second day in the afternoon, when, as we war dressin' a deer, we heard a noise in the bushes, and an instant later, we saw a red-skin dodge from one tree to another."

"As quick as possible we seized our rifles, but before we could use them, a volley o' arrows came whistlin' round our heads and Ned fell dead at my feet, with an arrow in his side. Then the varmints rushed into sight, giving a regular yell. I shot the first one, then seizin' Ned's rifle, the second one went under. I saw, however, that thar war too many for one to fight, so I started to run, thinkin' that perhaps I might get away."

"But I had not gone two steps, before I felt a sharp pain in my hip, and I almost fell to the ground. An arrow had hit me, and I saw that I could not run long. And I war just goin' to turn and sell my life as dearly as possible, when I thought o' an old hollow tree, that war blown down, and lay just out o' camp. I suddenly had an idea that, if I could get into that log, I might defend myself till the boys returned. So I quickly made for it, and managed to crawl into it, before the red-skins could do me further harm."

"I found rather close quarters in that old log, but I managed to make it do; and every red-skin that came within range o' my rifle I plunked."

"For three hours I held my own, in spite o' all the varmints could do, and they done every thing they could think o'. After tryin' to drive me out, they would draw back inter the bushes, and all would be quiet for a spell. But in a short time they would rush out, and commence the fight, madder than ever. During one o' their restin' spells, I bound up my wound, so as to stop its bleedin'. It felt sore and pained me bad. But I knew it war about time for the boys to get back, so I resolved to hold out as long as possible."

"The red-skins had been quiet for half an hour, and I war 'most tempted to think that they had really gone, when I thought that I saw a thin wreath o' smoke go past the end o' the log. Cautiously I looked out, and saw that my worst fears war realized. They war buildin' fires round the log, and war goin' to burn me out! Then I felt that my time had come, and in a short time the red devils would be fagin' my scalp."

"I staid in that old log till the fire burnt round the end o' it, and it war so hot that I could bear it no longer; then, with my rifle loaded for use, I crawled to the end o' it, ready to jump out and fight to the last, rather than to be burned to death."

"Oh, didn't the red varmints yell when they saw me come through the fire and smoke, spravin' 'round the palm! I scrambled to my feet as quick as possible, and as they rushed upon me, I gave the contents of my rifle full in the breast of the foremost savage. At this moment I heard a loud shout in the woods, and the tramp of horses' feet as they dashed through the underbrush; and, almost the same minute, the sharp crack of half a dozen rifles burst upon the air, and as many red-skins bit the dust."

"It war Markhead and the boys, who had returned, just in season to save my life. The

boys made short work of them, and when the cowardly varmints saw that they war gettin' the worst o' it, they took to their heels, all that could; but more than half lay dead upon the ground. But I war the only one o' our gang that war hurt, exceptin' poor Ned."

"The boys then tended to my wound, which war so bad that now, the excitement over, I could not stand alone. They also buried poor Ned; but they let the red varmints lay. They said that, beaver war plenty up the creek, and as soon as I war able, they should move."

"The next day, my wound feelin' a little better, we took up our traps, and moved to safer and better trapin'-ground."

"That war the toughest fix I war ever in," he added, "and if the boys hadn't hurried up, when they saw the smoke, and heard the shouts of the red-skins, then old Max Hardy would have had to go under. Wag!"

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

THE season of professional ball-playing for 1873, as far as the contests for the championship pennant are concerned, closed on Friday, October 31st. It began practically on the first of April, on which day the Philadelphia club

nine played a game at Gloucester, near Philadelphia, with a field nine and won by a score of 31 to 10. The Athletic club began to play the next day at the same place, they defeating a field nine by 52 to 7. On April 3d the Boston took the field for the first time, playing the Harvard nine, the former winning by 12 to 5. On April 5th the Athletics began play on the Capitoline Grounds, playing a field side, and winning by 27 to 7. It was not until April 28th that the Mutual club began play, they opening on that day in a game with the amateur Chelsea, whom they defeated by 24 to 1. The Resolute nine opened play on April 30th in a match with Yale, the score being 11 to 10 only in favor of the professionals.

Championship contests were commenced April 14th, on which day the Washington nine played the Maryland nine at Baltimore and won by a score of 24 to 3. From this time the season's play in the championship arena is to be dated.

During April nine championship games were played. The Philadelphia and Baltimore clubs each winning three games, the Washington two, and the Athletic one. The important contests were the Philadelphia club victories over the Athletic and Boston nines, the former by 11 to 3 and the latter by 8 to 5. This result placed the new "White Stockings" nine in the van at the outset, and, of course, imparted a new interest to the season's play.

The month of May witnessed thirty-three contests in the arena, of which the Philadelphia nine won the majority of important games. The average of the matches played proved to be the best of the season up to September, the figures showing an average of but nine runs to a match for the winning clubs. It was in this month that the Athletic club were more successful than in any month of the season, they defeating the Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston nines. The best game of the month was that between the Athletic and Philadelphia nines, which ended with a score of 5 to 4 only. In this month the Athletics "Chicagoed" the Mutuals 12 to 0.

June opened promisingly for some close contests, the Boston beginning with a game in which they defeated the Athletics 5 to 0. In this month forty championship games were played, of which the Boston nine won the majority, the Philadelphia being second on the list, and the Baltimore third. The average play was not up to the mark of the month of May, though some good games were played. The

game of the month was that between the Athletics and Boston, played at Boston, June 14th, the Athletics winning by 8 to 0 only, it being the first time the Boston had been "Chicagoed" on their own grounds. A twelve-innings game was played June 3d in Brooklyn, on which occasion the Boston defeated the Mutuals by 6 to 5. The same month the Athletics "Chicagoed" the Resolute by 10 to 0. The majority of games showed double figures for the winning nines, when fine fielding should have kept the winning nine's score down to 9 at the most.

In July thirty-two championship games were played, and the majority of these were won by the Mutual nine. Up to July 30th the Philadelphia had sustained but two defeats and had won twenty-seven games. On the last day of July, however, after having been on a week's spree at Cape May, they sustained defeat at Boston at the hands of the Red Stockings in a poorly played game, and from that date fell off in their play remarkably. It might have been from sheer relaxing in their training, and from a lack of that harmonious play which had previously marked their contests, and then again it might have been from a falling off in the earnest efforts to win. From whatever cause, however, the White Stockings' success culminated in July. Among the close contests of the month was that between the Baltimore and Athletic clubs played at Philadelphia, July 21st, the game requiring thirteen innings to settle it, the Baltimore winning by 12 to 11.

August did not witness over twenty games in the championship arena, as most of the clubs took things easy. The Boston went on a practice tour through the States and Canada, and strengthened their nine by adding a new player and placing another man at first base. They only played three championship games this month, of which they won two, the Philadelphia losing three out of five played. The Baltimore nine were the most successful, as they did not lose a game in August and won four. Allison took Hicks' place in the Mutual nine in this month, and the change led to a marked improvement in the play of the Mutual nine. Hicks being charged with foul play by Ferguson.

September's record shows some of the finest played games of the season, one in particular being a contest unequalled in the annals of the game, it being the match played September 12th, in Brooklyn, between the Athletic and Philadelphia nines, no less than fourteen innings' play being needed to settle the question, and then the Philadelphia nine only won by a score of 3 to 2. The Athletics and Washington also played a fine fielding game together this month, marked by a score of 4 to 2, the Athletics likewise defeating the Athletics by 5 to 3. The most successful club of the month was the Boston nine, which nine, out of fourteen games in the arena lost but one. Next to them the Mutuals bore off the palm. The average play was better than that of any month since May. The total number of games played was thirty-three.

October, the last month of the championship season, saw the Boston nine win the championship, this nine during their last three months' play losing but five games out of thirty-two played. Thirty-one games were played in October, of which the Boston won the majority, the Mutuals being second. The best game of the month was that between the Athletics and Boston, ending with a victory for the former

by 5 to 4, the next best being the ten-innings tie-game of 4 to 4 between the Athletics and Athletics. Below we give the championship record for

OCTOBER.

Oct. 1. Boston vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	8 6
Oct. 2. Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	10 4
Oct. 3. Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	18 7
Oct. 4. Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston.....	8 7
Oct. 5. Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn.....	5 4
Oct. 6. Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston.....	12 1
Oct. 7. Mutual vs. Washington, at Brooklyn.....	17 9
Oct. 8. Baltimore vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	29 4
Oct. 9. Boston vs. Washington, at Boston.....	25 6
Oct. 10. Mutual vs. Baltimore, at Brooklyn.....	7 0
Oct. 11. Washington vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	8 2
Oct. 12. Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	18 9
Oct. 13. Boston vs. Baltimore, at Boston.....	20 10
Oct. 14. Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	17 3
Oct. 15. Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	12 4
Oct. 16. Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, at Philadelphia.....	8 6
Oct. 17. Boston vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	21 4
Oct. 18. Athletic vs. Baltimore, at Philadelphia.....	17 6
Oct. 19. Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, at Philadelphia.....	13 1
Oct. 20. Boston vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	18 13
Oct. 21. Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	15 8
Oct. 22. Athletic vs. Washington, at Washington.....	4 4
Oct. 23. Boston vs. Washington, at Washington.....	9 8
Oct. 24. Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.....	5 4
Oct. 25. Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.....	5 4
Oct. 26. Athletic vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	17 5

GAMES WITH SMALL SCORES.

The following is the record of games played in the championship arena during 1873 in which the winning score did not exceed nine runs.

April 16, Baltimore vs. Washington, at Washington.....	7 1
April 23, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Boston.....	8 5
May 6, Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	8 3
May 9, Baltimore vs. Resolute, at Waverly.....	5 2
May 10, Athletic vs. Baltimore, at Brooklyn.....	6 5
May 14, Baltimore vs. Philadelphia, at Baltimore.....	7 4
May 15, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia.....	5 2
May 14, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	5 4
May 14, Mutual vs. Washington, at Washington.....	6 2
May 15, Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston.....	7 1
May 20, Philadelphia vs. Resolute, at Waverly.....	6 3
May 23, Boston vs. Baltimore, at Boston.....	8 2
May 24, Boston vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	8 1
May 24, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	4 8
May 26, Athletic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	7 2
May 26, Philadelphia vs. Resolute, at Waverly.....	7 2
May 27, Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	9 4
May 28, Athletic vs. Baltimore, at Brooklyn.....	7 2
May 29, Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, at Philadelphia.....	6 3
May 30, Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston.....	7 1
June 1, Baltimore vs. Athletic, at Baltimore.....	8 1
June 3, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	8 5
June 8, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	6 7
June 11, Boston vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	9 1
June 11, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	9 1
June 13, Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston.....	7 1
June 16, Baltimore vs. Washington, at Washington.....	7 1
June 18, Washington vs. Resolute, at Washington.....	7 1
June 20, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	7 1
June 23, Baltimore vs. Washington, at Washington.....	7 1
June 25, Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	9 4
July 2, Athletic vs. Washington, at Brooklyn.....	7 1
July 2, Philadelphia vs. Washington, at Philadelphia.....	9 5
July 12, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	9 5
July 26, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	7 4
Aug. 2, Baltimore vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	7 4
Aug. 2, Philadelphia vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	9 2
Aug. 5, Washington vs. Philadelphia, at Washington.....	9 2
Aug. 11, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	9 2
Aug. 13, Baltimore vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	9 2
Aug. 19, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Chicago.....	9 2
Aug. 23, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	9 6
Aug. 23, Philadelphia vs. Washington, at Philadelphia.....	9 6
Aug. 27, Washington vs. Athletic, at Washington.....	9 7
Aug. 30, Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston.....	9 7
Sept. 1, Athletic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	6 3
Sept. 1, Philadelphia vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	6 3
Sept. 3, Athletic vs. Washington, at Brooklyn.....	6 3
Sept. 4, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	6 3
Sept. 5, Philadelphia vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	6 3
Sept. 13, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	3 2
Sept. 12, Boston vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	9 6
Sept. 13, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	9 6
Sept. 13, Boston vs. Washington, at Washington.....	9 6
Sept. 15, Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	4 2
Sept. 15, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	4 2
Sept. 15, Philadelphia vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	4 2
Sept. 25, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	8 4
Sept. 24, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	8 4
Oct. 1, Philadelphia vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	8 4
Oct. 1, Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston.....	8 7
Oct. 1, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn.....	8 7
Oct. 10, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	8 7
Oct. 10, Boston vs. Washington, at Boston.....	8 7
Oct. 15, Athletic vs. Baltimore, at Brooklyn.....	8 6
Oct. 15, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	8 6
Oct. 23, Boston vs. Washington, at Washington.....	5 1
Oct. 24, Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.....	5 1

THE ENDING YEAR.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

How meet that we, while ends the year,
Should sit with aspect civil,
Recalling all the good we've done—
Forgetting all the evil.

What have I done? Let me see:
I've lifted up the lowly—
A man fell through a cellar-way;
I pulled him out quite slowly.

To one poor starving family
In charity I've given
Nearly twenty dollars' worth of flour—
For a cow worth forty-seven.

I got four men to sign the pledge
From spirituous drinks abstaining,
Unless the weather should be dry,
Or else unless its raining.

I've kindly given good advice
(Which no one hardly follows),
Worth, when the weather should be dry,
A hundred thousand dollars.

And no one knows the time I've spent
On the affairs of others,
And never charged them one red dime:
I deem all men my brothers.

I've done my best redressing wrongs—
A man sold me bad butter,
He drove down to the hospital
Aboard a no-wheeled shitter.

And I released one human soul
That long in bondage tarried,
She said she rather should be free:
(She'll very soon be married).

I've done my best to tell the truth,
A business rather trying,
Especially when truths laid down
Must be considered lying.

I've fed the hungry by the score,
(I'm partner in a hash-house);
I've clothed the naked and the poor,
(I run a clothing cash-house).

So taking all the year around,
In spite of many a bother,
I think I've done as much real good
As those who've done no better.

DICK DARLING.

The Pony Express-Rider.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

V.

THE sun was sloping down toward the westward, and casting long, black shadows from the gigantic live-oaks that surrounded Fairfield's ranch, when a tall, wiry young fellow, on a bay horse, followed by a tawny bloodhound with black muzzle, rode toward the stockade gate from the direction of Yreka. Any mountain man would have recognized this rider as the well known Dick Darling, first Pony Express-Rider on the Overland Route, and now volunteer mail-carrier between Yreka and the Lava-Beds, where lurked the Modocs.

As Darling neared the ranch a pleased smile lighted up his face, and he murmured to himself:

"They do not expect me; I shall give them a surprise; but nothing to what they will have soon. My innocent little girl, how we have blinded her to the truth! But now it will not be long ere we—Hollo! what's this?"

As he spoke he reined up near the gate, and looked in surprise at the turf around the little spring under the live-oak. It was all torn up and trampled, as if by a struggle, a broken pitcher lay beside it, and the tracks of a horse at full speed led off into the prairie in the direction of the Lava-Beds.

Dick Darling cast a hurried glance at the gate. It was wide open, and his dog ran in, and was questioning about the yard. Not a human being was in sight around Fairfield's. Impatient and anxious, he rode in, calling out: "Fairfield! Lotty! Sophy! Where are you all?"

Nothing answered him but the echoes. "By heavens!" he muttered, "there's Modoc craft in this, or I mistake. Some of Jack's band have been round here. How lucky I have Hector with me!"

Then he rode hastily out of the deserted ranch, calling his dog; and soon stood by the scene of the late struggle. He spoke to the intelligent hound as if he was addressing a human being, saying:

"Hector, there's been trouble here. Some one has carried off your young mistress and her sister. Captain Fairfield's gone, and where I don't know. Find the fellow that carried off your mistress, boy. Seek him, Hector."

The great bloodhound looked up in his master's face with his head on one side, as if he understood every word. Then he turned round and barked over the trampled turf, sniffing and whining, till, at length, he threw up his head, and uttered a long, mournful howl of peculiar tone.

"Indians; I thought so," said Darling, nodding. "Seek them, boy."

Hector waved his tail slowly back and forth, and went off on the prairie at a long, swift lope, baying in low tones as he went, while Darling rode after him, rifle in hand.

Straight away from the setting sun he rode, bending to the north-east, the direction of the dreaded Lava Beds, wherein lay concealed Captain Jack and his band of savage Modocs. It was also the only road which was as yet unoccupied by troops, the only way of exit left to the savages out of the net of danger which surrounded them. None knew better than Darling that he was going every moment deeper into peril.

But, as he rode on, watching the dog, his thoughts were only absorbed by a single thought: "What had become of his friend Fairfield and his daughters?"

After half an hour's rapid riding, a clump of huge live-oaks looming up ahead, toward which the dog was making, announced that he was running his quarry to earth in all likelihood.

The young frontiersman cocked his rifle, increased his pace to a full gallop, and struck off on a circle so as to ride around the little grove. His experience told him that it most likely contained an enemy, and he did not wish to afford a skulking Modoc a chance of a cool shot.

The hound, separated from its master, kept on as straight as a die, dashed into the covert, baying loudly; and, a few moments after, out came three people at different points, all evidently roused by the dog.

Two of them were girls, mounted on a single horse. The third was an Indian warrior, coming out of the opposite side of the grove.

With a cry of joy Darling galloped toward the Indian, just as the two girls headed their single horse for Fairfield's ranch.

In another moment the faithful Hector bounded out of the wood and sprung savagely at the Indian on the other side. Darling threw his reins over his horse's neck, and fired a rapid shot out of his Spencer rifle at the Modoc. Like a flash, the other dropped over the side of his horse, swerved, and galloped away toward the very place whence the girls had emerged, still followed by the hound.

But the borderer noticed as he passed that the Indian had no gun, and recognized him as one of the bravest of the Modocs, Shasta Jim by name.

He could hardly understand the reason of the other for following the two girls, but he

dashed after him, wasting no more useless shots, but striving to close.

Shasta Jim swept on at full speed to the very place whence the girls had come out, where he suddenly stooped down to the ground, and a moment later sprung in his saddle with a yell of triumph, waving in his right hand a rifle.

Too late Darling saw the trick. The rifle had been there, lying on the ground, whoever it belonged to, and Shasta Jim had picked it up. Now it was a fair fight.

The Modoc did not continue his flight far. He only galloped out into the prairie to a sufficient distance to secure what sailors call an "offing," then turned his horse, and began to near Darling.

Both the antagonists rode at a slow canter in a spiral, gradually contracting their diameter to approach each other on the left hand, each keeping his cocked rifle at a "ready," and watching his opportunity.

Had there been no disturbing element in the contest, Darling would have fared badly; for Shasta Jim was accounted the best shot of his whole tribe.

But one antagonist was there, destined to bring the Modoc to an untimely end. It was the dog Hector, who, with almost human sagacity, now aided his master to some purpose.

White and red were within fifty paces of each other, both horses cantering smoothly and steadily, when Shasta Jim leveled his rifle. Hector, who had been galloping along by the rear side of the Indian's horse, no longer giving tongue, sprang forward as the savage raised his piece. The dog uttered a startling bay, and seized Shasta by the leg. The rifle exploded harmlessly, and the bullet flew up to the sky as the Modoc, with a savage yell, turned on the dog.

In the same instant Dick Darling struck in his spurs and galloped in, delivering a single shot, when the muzzle of his piece was within three feet of Shasta's body.

With one last yell, the Modoc warrior threw up his arms and fell from his horse, as Hector let go his leg to seize him by the throat.

The riderless steed galloped away in terror, and at the next moment Dick was off his horse, calling back Hector, and standing by the body of his slain enemy. Shasta Jim was quite dead.

Then the young man looked up, and beheld the two girls halted at a little distance, as if uncertain whether to stay or fly.

"Come on, young ladies," cried the young man; "the danger is past. This rascal will never insult you more."

Then, as if reassured, the two girls approached, and all was explained. Then Dick Darling learned, for the first time, that his friend Fairfield had gone out hunting that very morning; that in his absence Charlotte, the eldest sister, going to the spring for water, had been seized and carried off by Shasta Jim; that the gentle, golden-haired Sophy had turned heroine, armed herself, and gone in search of her sister, just in time to save her from the Modoc's insults; that the sudden appearance of the hound had frightened them all, so that Sophy actually dropped her rifle as she sprang to her horse; that Shasta Jim had been unarmed save for a knife, and had fled from her fire-arms. It thus became plain how the Indian must have been taken prisoner in some other place, from which he had escaped, unarmed, and had watched his opportunity when Sophy dropped her rifle.

Shasta's runaway horse was soon caught, and the three friends slowly rode back to Fairfield's ranch, talking over the occurrences of the day, and blessing the Providence that brought to the rescue in the right moment, Dick Darling and brave old Hector.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 100.)

Strange Stories.

BOULD CAPTAIN KELLY.

An All-Hallow-Eve Story.

BY AGILE PENNE.

In the grand room of Widow Brady's inn, the Queen's Arms, in the town of Kilrush, by Shannon's sweet waters, on All-Hallow-Eve's night, in the year 1790, a gay and frisky party sat drinking.

There was Tom O'Shane, the lawyer, Ned O'Mara, the doctor, a decent lad—fat Phil Burke, the pot-house, three or four of the gentry of the neighborhood, whose names are

not important to our story, and last, though not least, mad Dick Kelly, known from Loup Head to Galway Bay as "Bould Captain Kelly"—a red-faced, red-whiskered, red-headed man of fortv.

A bolder rider to hounds, a harder drinker, and a more reckless, wild "devil," County Clare held not within her limits.

Of an old family, Dick Kelly had inherited a fine estate when he came of age, being an only son. He had served for a few years in his Majesty's Tenth, but had got into difficulties from his card-playing tricks and had been "allowed" to resign.

Ducks and drakes Kelly had made of his paternal acres; and so, on the night of All-Hallow-Eve, 1790, only the old family mansion, sadly out of repair, and a miserable fifty acres, heavily incumbered, remained to the sole representative of the Kellys of County Clare.

Little cared the captain; "a short life and a merry one" was his motto. Reckless and overbearing, prompt to resort to the family "hair-triggers," at the slightest provocation, trusting to his reputation as a dead shot to bully and browbeat better men than himself, Kelly had few friends and many enemies.

But his courage was undoubted, and his many mad exploits gave him full right to his common appellation, "Bould" Captain Kelly, and in fact he rather gloried in the name.

"If I haven't the dirty guild," he would observe, with just the "faste" taste of the brogue possible, "there's not a man Jack of them all, from the Shannon to Galway, can come to the fore wid me when the spirit of a gentleman is concerned."

And the captain was quite right there. Few men in the county cared to quarrel with "Bould Kelly" who could snuff a candle at fifty paces, and who would rather go out on the bogs on a frosty morning to settle an affair of honor than to shake a leg at the grandest ball with a lady, galore, for a partner.

But the worst enemies the gallant captain had to encounter were the "low-bred thieves of the world," the butcher, the baker and the haberdasher. They required money in payment of their little bills, and were not at all inclined to furnish supplies except for cash.

So in his dilemma, as his funds had run out,

At eight o'clock, O'Mara rose to depart, pleading a prior engagement.

Kelly scowled; he guessed that the young doctor was going to visit the heiress.

"Hold on a minute, Mister O'Mara!" Kelly exclaimed, with stately politeness, rising as he spoke; "drink a farewell toast wid me. Fill up, boys—bumpers. Here's long life and happiness to my wife, that is to be, Miss Cornelia Flynn!"

Everyone looked astonished at this want except O'Mara. He only smiled, filled up his glass to the brim, and winking at the rest of the company, said:

"It's proud I am to drink Captain Kelly's toast. Here's long life and happiness to Miss Cornelia Flynn, Mrs. Kelly that is to be—when he gets her!"

Every body expected an explosion; half of the company looked to see the bould Kelly empty his glass in the face of the young doctor, but, on the contrary, that usually hot-headed gentleman coolly placed his tumbler on the table and glared with a sinister leer at the doctor.

"Maybe ye'd like to bet fifty pound that I won't marry the girl?"

"Double the money! I'll go ye a hundred that ye don't," replied O'Mara, promptly.

The bet was made and duly booked. O'Mara left the room, and Kelly and O'Shane, after a few more rounds of punch, followed.

"Are ye mad, Kelly, to risk a hundred pounds, and the chances ag'in ye?" O'Shane demanded.

"Arrah now, hold ye whist!" Kelly exclaimed. "Shure! it's a head I've got on my shoulders. The girl won't have me of her own free will, I know; but, tare and ownds! it's not for nothing that they call me Bould Captain Kelly. For a guinea I've bribed old aunny Callahan to persuade the colleen to comb her hair and look in the glass to see her husband over her shoulder, at twelve this night."

It's myself that she'll see, for I've arranged it so that wid a couple of rapparees from the hills, I shall be in the house; then she'll faint likely, or if she don't, I'll throw a cloak over her head and carry her off to Mount Callan. I'll have a father there, and when the morning comes it's glad she'll be to marry me."



The next moment Dick was off his horse, calling back Hector, and standing by the body of his slain enemy.

the captain consulted his bosom friend, Tom O'Shane, the lawyer.

O'Shane knew well enough that the captain's estate was mortgaged up to the last farthing, for he himself had drawn up the deeds.

One course alone remained.

"You must marry, Dick, me boy!" the lawyer exclaimed—"marry an heiress with the golden guineas handy, and bring back the ranting, roaring times when the Kellys were a head and shoulders above any family in the county."

"But the girl, Tom, acushla?" asked the captain, in doubt.

"Miss Cornelia Flynn of Lillimloop; she's worth a good five thousand pounds a year," the lawyer replied. "She's as plump and tunder as a spring chicken and as purty as the flowers in May!"

Kelly adopted the counsel of O'Shane, and at once proceeded to lay deliberate siege to Miss Flynn. But that young and attractive woman happened to have a will of her own, and she was not very favorably impressed with rough, red-whiskered, fox-hunting, whisky-drinking Captain Kelly.

Then, too, there was another suitor in the way, Ned O'Mara, the doctor—a quiet, decent lad, though not overburdened with the good things of this life. He had been called in by Miss Flynn when her favorite lap-dog threatened to die of indigestion, and as under his skillful treatment the poodle had immediately recovered, Ned O'Mara had a very decided claim to the young lady's good opinion.

The Bould Captain soon perceived that the "pill-maker," as he contemptuously termed the young doctor, had, in sporting parlance, the inside track, and he swore an oath, a yard long at least, that he'd be "aven with the dirty blaggard."

So Kelly tried every means in his power to fix a quarrel upon O'Mara; insult him outright he dared not, for he knew that such a course would certainly lose him the heiress. But O'Mara understood the captain's game as well as he did himself, and was most provokingly deaf to all the covert insinuations of his rival.

So matters stood on All-Hallow-Eve night. It was quite early in the evening, but the huge bowl of whisky-punch, which had been brewed in honor of the occasion, had suffered considerably.

"Look out, Kelly, if ye fail; it's for abduction they'll hold ye," O'Shane remarked, shaking his head, gravely.

Kelly laughed.

"I invite ye to dine wid me and Mrs. Kelly a week from to-day!" he exclaimed, tauntingly.

And so the two parted, O'Shane half inclined to believe that Kelly was joking, and the bould captain to execute his audacious scheme.

At just twelve o'clock that night, pretty Miss Flynn stood combing her blue-black locks before the mirror in her chamber. Then she pronounced the mystic charm:

"Over my shoulder the rape seed I sow,
And my husband must come, whether or no."

And then in the mirror she saw Kelly's red whiskers reflected.

A single scream she gave, Kelly and his ruffians darted forward, but before they could lay hands on the girl, Ned O'Mara and a half a dozen stout lads, armed with twigs of black thorn, burst into the room.

The old woman had tricked the "bould" captain, and warned O'Mara that mischief was afoot.

Pretending not to recognize Kelly, but to mistake him for a thief, the lads gave him such a beating that he hadn't a whole bone in his body, and then they consigned him to the jail.

When he got out he fled from County Clare forever. Bullets he could face, but ridicule was too much for "bould Captain Kelly."

Rod and Rifle.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

X.—SPEARING SALMON.

A GLORIOUS month we spent in the wilderness, passing from lake to lake, drawing the spotted trout from his haunt in the shaded pools, hunting the deer by the light of the glowing jack, or "stalking" upon the mountain-sides. If we were not skillful hunters we were lucky ones, and with such guides could not fail to do good work. Not a chance was thrown away; and when at last we came out of the wilderness, a few miles from Malone, and headed for the St. Lawrence, we were bronzed like Indians and could destroy a fearful amount of grub. Were we satisfied? No;

Viator would not go back to the city until he had shown us the delights of fish-spearing by the light of the jack.

At the Cape he found an old half-breed who had gone with him upon other expeditions and who hailed his return with rapture, but groaned in spirit when he knew that we could only spend one day with him, this season. As night comes on three boats are floating over a shallow upon the shore of the great lake, Ontario. Each boat is provided with a jack and a fishing-spear, modeled after the trident of father Neptune.

Fish-spearing is a science, and there is something wonderfully enticing about it. The fish are the noblest of the lake fish—the salmon, trout and salmon—the latter of which often reaches twenty pounds in weight. The jack is arranged so as to throw its light upon the water and not upon the shore, as in deer-hunting. No one, who has not noted the effect of such a light in shallow water, can have any conception of the clearness with which every object upon the bottom of the lake or stream is revealed. You can count the pebbles upon the bottom as you glide over them, magnified by the translucent medium beneath which they lie.

The boats are propelled by paddles, for, as in hunting, quiet is requisite, and these lake men understand the paddle well. Many of them are guides at some portion of the year, though they prefer boating upon the St. Lawrence, as a rule.

Harry Viator holds the spear in the bow of his boat and who are not up to this sort of work watch him closely. From my place on the middle thwart, looking down into the water, I can see a great fish apparently within reach of my hand, but in reality six feet below the surface, moving his fins lazily as he creeps along over the pebbles. It is a salmon, the prince of the trout family, the reigning king of a noble house. Strange as it may seem, the light of the jack does not seem to frighten him in the least. Perhaps he imagines it is sunlight, but whatever the reason may be, he lies idly upon the bottom, unconscious of the terrible danger which threatens him. Viator stands up in the boat with his foot planted upon the gunwale, the spear in his right hand, while the left slides easily up and down the handle. Viator, in his gallant attitude, looks like a picture of a sea-god of the old days. The three-pronged spear, with its barbed points, is thrust suddenly into the water. There is a wild commotion; the muscles upon the spearman's arms rise like knotted cord, and after a desperate struggle, a salmon weighing fifteen pounds lies gasping in the bottom of the boat.

"Ah, yer' good, Mossu Vicator!" cried the half-breed. "Zat is ver' fine fish."

"He'll do, Lewie," said Viator, as the boat glided on. "Would you like to try for one, Scribbler?"

I knew that I could beat him at that game, so he took my place and I stood up with the fish-spear in my hand. I noticed a peculiar grin upon the faces of Lewie and Viator, but did not understand what it meant just then. I soon found out.

"Don't lean too far out of the boat when you strike," said Harry. "These boats are light, you know, and you are not exactly a baby weight. Look sharp now and you'll see a fish."

I soon saw one, and to my excited fancy, he was at least five feet long. I don't think now, as I reflect in the light of reason, that he was quite as large, but he was big enough to make trouble.

"Steady, old fellow!" whispered Harry. "Look out, now, if you love me, for that is a whopper."

I leaned over the side a little, as I had seen Harry do, and struck! Any one who knows the deceitful nature of water in such a light as this, and looking into it at an angle, may imagine the result. The points of the spear went into the sand about two feet from the fish, and yet I imagined that I had taken good aim. The fish, as if caring nothing for the efforts of such a spearer as I, waved his fan-like tail in derision, and moved slowly away out of the circle of light. A quick sweep of Lewie's paddle again brought him into view, and Harry would have taken the spear from me, but I resisted.

"No, no, Viator. I'll fix him this time, sure!"

"Humph! I'll let you try once more, but I tell you it takes practice to handle a spear."

"Aha!" said Lewie, "ver' true, Mossu Vicator. I give you ver' many lessing before you succeed, eh?"

I was bound to have that fish, this time, and when we came near enough, I struck with a vindictive force, which ought to have accomplished wonders, but failed to do so. I came to unspeakable grief, for when the spear arrived at the bottom of the lake, the fish was not there, and the spear went into a little bed of soft sand, to a depth of at least eighteen inches. I had leaned my body well over to get a good blow, and finding it somewhat easier to go out of the boat than stay in it, I chose the easier course. I always did like the easier way, anyhow, and so I went down to pull up the spear. As I went out of sight a burst of hyena laughter from both boats announced the fact that those fellows exulted in my fall; and Dan, the hero of "Spirit Lake" and "Mad Creek," was louder, more fiend-like in his laughter than any one else. Perhaps he remembered how he fell into the quicksand and I helped him out; I wouldn't do it again.

They pulled me into the boat, a wetter and a wiser man. I at once resigned my commission, for I had no further desire to distinguish myself in spearing salmon, and sat dripping in the boat while Harry again took the spear, and in less than five minutes the giant fish which had caused my downfall was floundering in the bottom of the boat, pierced through by the triple spear.

In spite of my condition, and my inability to participate, it was grand sport. The moving lights, the figures of the spearmen in the bows, outlined against the sky, the men at the paddle, and the strange glare cast upon the water by the jack, and the gloomy background of forest on the shore, combined to make a picture grand and beautiful.

I have since learned that unless you strike directly upon the back of the fish, it is next to impossible to hit one with a spear if you do not allow for the increased density of the medium through which you see it. I can strike a fish now, with some prospect of success, but at that time am free to say that I was a failure.

"The sturgeon are jumping, Mossu Vicator," said Lewie, as we pulled back with a loaded boat.

"Have ye ride ready?"

"We entered the river, and I saw that giant fish, the sturgeon, fling himself bodily from the water, and go down in the clear depths. Harry waited with his rifle at his shoulder until another broke the surface, when his rifle cracked, and five minutes later we were towing astern a fish weighing over one hundred pounds, and over six feet long."

Harry had made his last shot on our trip. An hour after we were aboard the steamer, heading for a lake port, seventy miles away. Our month of life in the woods was over, but we had many scalps, scars and trophies to show, and Dan will never quit referring in his local column to the amount of fun to be had in thirty days in the great wilderness of northern New York.